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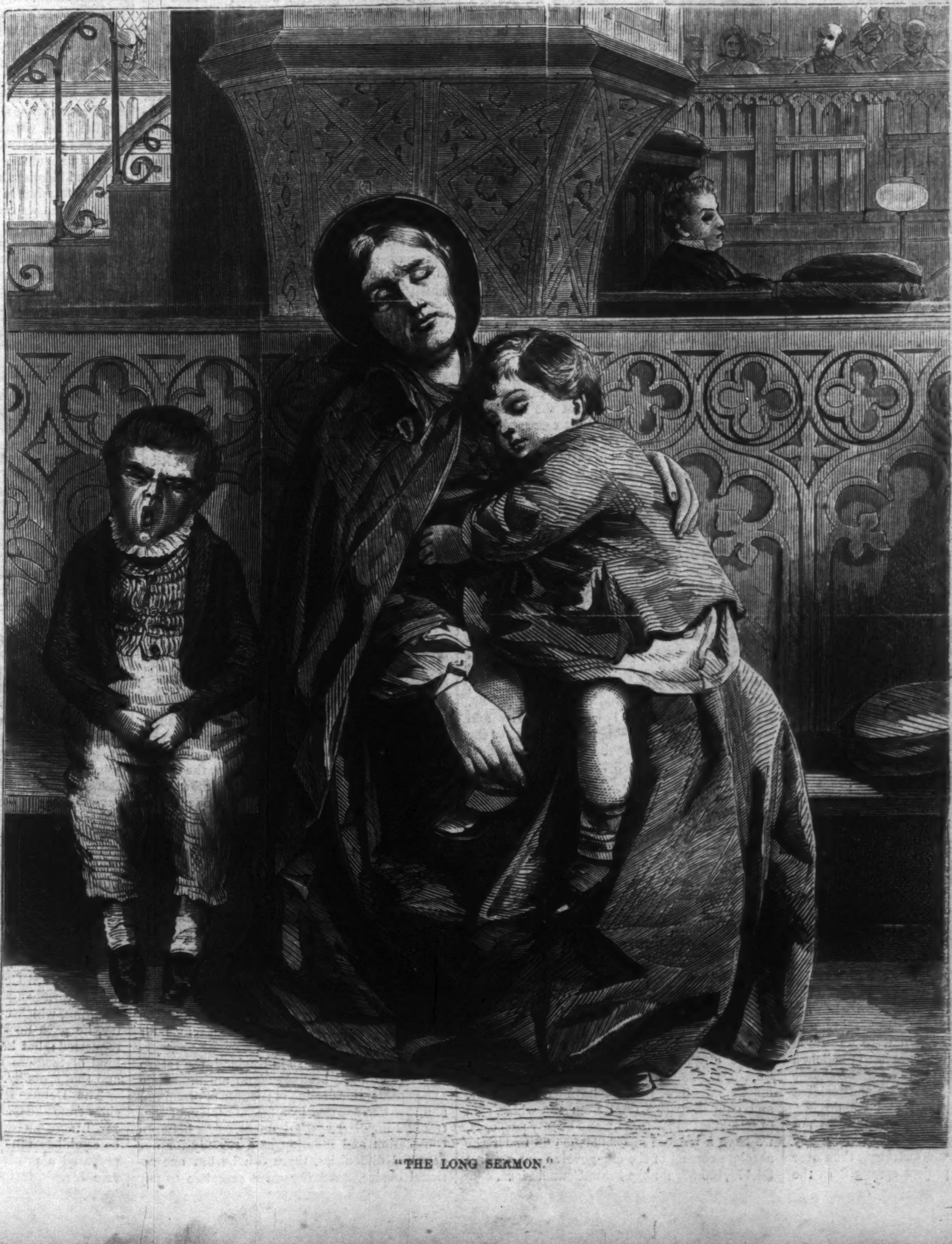
"THE LONG SERMON."

THE artist who drew the charming picture entitled "The Long Sermon" is evidently rather fond himself of preaching—at this time his sermon is leveled at the pulpit itself. He holds forth, and rather forcibly, too, to the preachers who sometimes, and rather often, too, tax our patience with long sermons. Our artist sets the example of delivering on this occasion a very *short* sermon, and only touches on one or two of the many bearings of his text. His text being a "long sermon," he shows its effect on little more than one pew, instead of on a large part of a whole congregation. Brevity, they say, is the soul of wit, if not of preaching; and may his homily, in virtue of its shortness, have the more pointed and salutary effect!

Our artist has, moreover, the peculiarity of preaching rather humorously, like certain popular preachers of the present day, who, in their humility, enliven with a little jocularity what they seem to think might otherwise be tedious or unattractive. But assuredly the artist's sardonic mirth is as well-meant and acceptable in his short sermon as a long sermon from the pulpit, however good the intention, and whether wise or witty, or both or neither, is sometimes unacceptable to poor human nature. It will be observed that the painter restrains himself from direct allusion to the worthy but mistaken pastor who inflicts "the long sermon." We are in the position of many others in those high, old-fashioned, square pews who have not that invaluable aid to keeping up the attention—to wit, the power of fixing a resolute gaze upon the movements and gestures of the minister. We are left to imagine the monotonous voice—gradually subsiding with our relaxing attention into a long, dull, soporific cadence, rising and falling, gently swaying to and fro, cradling us, as it were, to sleep, and, finally, sinking with our parting consciousness into a pleasant, soothing, far-off "droning, like the hum of many bees," till, in fact—Oh, shame and terror!—we suddenly find our noses in our bosoms; detect ourselves, perhaps, even audibly asleep; and start, dreaming we are falling from the church-steeple, as, awoke by some friendly (or unfriendly?) hand, we suddenly rein in our nodding head, or else turn, expecting to see one of the messengers sent by Sir Roger de Coverley to arouse the sleepers whose snoring disturbed the congregation.

Before coming to the fore-ground, where the painter rests the chief force of his argument, we must glance at one or two of the incidental allusions in his discourse. There is that bald pate, for instance, *now* seen just over the edge of the pew: we wonder how many times it has ducked under and jumped to the surface again, like a large pumpkin suddenly thrust under water. The bonnets do not do so, of course, because they are thinking too much of themselves. Then look what a row of blank, stolid, poor, helpless dummies there is up in yonder gallery. As for the clerk and his sternly-folded arms—well we will not say what we *have* thought of him while in vain seeking to escape from his remorseless eye. And now, who can blame that poor child, although from his seeming to have been long slipping slowly through his clothes, the painter tells us cleverly that his sleep has been neither short nor light? No doubt the child did its very utmost to be "good." Who can blame even his poor old nurse or mother from letting him go to sleep in her arms? although she should not have subsided also into the arms of that heathen god of sleep. But, you see, if she had not been guilty of this wickedness, our artist could not have given us such an amusing study of the old wrinkled sleeping face so full of latent goodness, and those thin lips leaving the straight breathing slit, just like the hole in the poor-box.

SYDNEY SMITH says that long-winded preachers seem to believe that, if sin is to be taken from man's breast, it must be as EVE was from ADAM—by casting him into a deep sleep. But these long sermons have assuredly a very serious as well as a comic side; and our artist appears to have discovered it. Do not long sermons drive many from hearing the Word altogether? Have not the seeds of fatal disease been sown in the long hours passed in that icy-cold and draughty stone church? Have not some of the poor children, who, after being exhausted in a Sunday-school, are placed, without being permitted to sleep like this little fellow, up in those hard-seated galleries for other long hours, been brought to dread the name of a church? Such questions are surely deserving of consideration, and our motive in asking them can not possibly be misunderstood.



"THE LONG SERMON."

ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

IT appears, though unofficially stated, that the United States has purchased the island of St. Thomas, West Indies, "with all the rights, titles, inhabitants, floods, and hurricanes thereunto pertaining;" and knowing how interested our citizens are in all real-estate transactions of this nature, we hasten to give them an idea of the character of the island by the illustration which we present on page 792.

The island of St. Thomas, one of the group called the Virgin Isles, with the [illegible] of St. John and Tortola, a few miles apart from it, occupies the most convenient position in the West Indian archipelago for the rendezvous of the mail steam-packets and other vessels plying to and fro between this country and the colonies in that part of the world. It has an area of only 24 square miles, and a population of only about 15,000 inhabitants. The soil is sandy and not very fertile. Only about 2500 acres are under cultivation, and cotton and sugar-cane are the principal crop. The port of St. Thomas is its chief value and attraction; it is open to the commerce of all nations, and is capable of "floating the navies of the world." The port is visited by about 3000 vessels annually. Its chief value to the United States will be as a coaling station and rendezvous for our fleets.

Our engraving, from a sketch taken a year or two since, represents the ordinary aspect of the town and port.

THE FIRE HUNT.

AMONG the favorite methods of hunting the deer practiced in the South, and particularly in Texas and New Mexico, is that which we illustrate on pages 792 and 793, and which is known as the Fire Hunt. The mode is thus described by an old and practical hunter:

"After supper, whoever desires the pleasure of killing a deer procures a quantity of pine knots, arms himself with a frying-pan, and, accompanied by a negro or a fellow-hunter, takes his gun, mounts his horse, and makes his way into the forest. As soon as he reaches the spot marked out in advance he ties his horse to a tree, arranges his frying-pan in front of him in such a manner as to look out upon an open space, a clearing if possible, fills it with the pine knots, and, taking a match from his pocket, sets fire to the latter. The flame soon illumines the neighboring objects, while in the distance all remains in obscurity. In a few moments the hunter spies two luminous points—the eyes of the deer reflected in the fire. The animal at first stands motionless like a phantom, or a gnome lost in the woods; but the hunter, accustomed to this strange sport, knows what to do; he approaches, often near enough to distinguish the form of the animal, raises his gun to his shoulder and fires; and if the hunter be a practiced shot, the deer falls dead to the ground.

"When a large supply of venison is needed the hunter continues his watch all night, and the price of this patient waiting is frequently six or eight deer of all sizes and ages. It sometimes happens that the domestic animals of the neighboring farms fall victims; for cows and horses are sometimes attracted to the fire-light and shot down by the hunters, who mistake them in the darkness for wild animals. In one instance even, a negro was shot by his brother while hunting by fire-light on the plantation of a Mr. REMSEN, a wealthy Louisiana planter."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

In the first Number of the ensuing Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be commenced the publication of* "MOONSTONE," *a new Serial Novel by* WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. This Novel, printed from the *Author's Manuscript, will be published here simultaneously with its issue in Mr.* CHARLES DICKENS'S *paper,* "All the Year Round." *In* HARPER'S WEEKLY *it will be illustrated with Original Drawings by* PARSONS, JEWETT, *and other American Artists.*

IMPEACHMENT.

THE report of the majority of the Judiciary Committee recommending impeachment of the President has unquestionably surprised and disappointed the country; nor are the temper and reasoning of that part of the report which has been published likely to inspire general confidence. In alluding to the subject some two months since, we said that "technically and verbally up to the present moment the President has not violated the law." We were reminded that he had issued an Amnesty Proclamation in defiance of the law which forbade him. But he held that his authority for such an act was derived from the Constitution, and that the law itself was in violation of that instrument. That is, his action was but another illustration of the difference of constitutional interpretation between himself and Congress. What we had in mind was that no law of undoubted constitutional sanction had been violated by him; and that however unwise, for example, his removal of SHERIDAN and SICKLES may have been, they were both acts strictly within the reconstruction law.

The charge of usurpation made by the majority of the Committee is, in a certain sense, valid. There is no doubt that the subject of reconstruction belongs properly to Congress; and we can all now see that it would have been better to assemble Congress before beginning the work. But there is equally no doubt that the action of the President was at the time justified by the country, for the reason that it was felt to be necessary to do something to restore civil government, and because it was supposed that his action was temporary and provisional. It was an assumption of power condoned by the conscious necessities of the situation. But it was not felt to be then, nor do we believe any large number of persons now suppose it to have been, a usurpation with treasonable or injurious intention. It was in no proper sense a high crime, or even a misdemeanor.

When Congress assembled and it became evident that the President meant to insist upon his theory of Reconstruction as final the hostility between him and Congress began. His theory was undoubtedly both false and foolish. But he maintained it within his Constitutional prerogative. His spirit was hateful as his understanding is mean. But when his theories were confuted and his Constitutional efforts through the veto were overborne; when the Freedmen's Bureau was continued; when the civil rights of the freedmen were declared; when the Reconstruction bill was passed; the President retained General HOWARD as chief of the Bureau; he did not formally resist the extension of civil rights, although he was morally guilty of the New Orleans massacre; and he appointed under the Reconstruction bill the very commanders who were most agreeable to its framers. He has opposed the whole Congressional policy of reconstruction; he has vituperated Congress and publicly insulted eminent citizens; he has in express terms denied the authority of Congress as now constituted; and his conduct has incalculably prolonged and deepened the difficulty of reconstruction. But while as a stump orator he has denied the authority of Congress, as President he has recognized it; and the encouragement which he has given to the spirit of disaffection is that which a President in opposition may always give to the party opposed to Congress.

The charge of usurpation is the only really grave charge, and that this was criminal can not be proved. The report of the majority has not revealed, so far as published, any thing new upon the point; and if there were any thing new of importance it would have been published in the abstract of the report. The vague charge of complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN wholly disappears; and we do Mr. JOHNSON the justice of saying that we do not believe it was ever seriously believed by any body. Indeed we feel more strongly than ever that the impeachment project sprang from the hot impatience of those who felt that the President was an "obstruction" to the rapid success of their views of the true policy of reconstruction; and was not the result of a profound conviction that he was clearly guilty of impeachable offenses. Yet if Presidents are to be impeached because they obstruct or oppose the will of the Congressional majority, it is very evident that it will become an ordinary party measure.

As we have often said, there can be no doubt that in extreme cases, when the great powers of the Government come into conflict, Congress will prevail. However cunning a system of "checks and balances" and "co-ordinate powers" there may be, the supreme authority of every government resides somewhere, and extreme pressure will develop it. It is none the less true, however, that in our system the Executive is a well-contrived check upon the Legislative Department; while, if it transcends its restraining powers, it is submitted by the same system to trial and removal by the Legislature. The Legislature, however, is again and radically checked by the popular vote which elects it; and therefore its indictment and possible punishment of the Executive becomes also a question of expediency. To impeach and fail to convict would destroy the impeaching party. This consideration should not, of course, restrain any party when the positive guilt of the President is conspicuous and the national injury plain. But a party which believes that its possession of power is essential to the wise and permanent settlement of the most vital public questions ought to hesitate long before it impeaches the President under circumstances like those at present existing in the country.

It has been lately said with great vigor that a party must be plucky if it would succeed. Undoubtedly; but what is pluck in a party? It is invincible fidelity to principle. It is not obstinate tenacity of a measure merely because it is extreme. This kind of "pluck" in GEORGE III. lost England the American colonies. The same "pluck" in CHARLES X. of France lost him his crown; and in CHARLES I. of England his head. What principle is involved in the impeachment of a President upon doubtful grounds? What principle is involved in straining the interpretation of evidence to reach him? The principle by which the dominant party in this country is solemnly bound is equal rights; and the policy to which it is pledged is reconstruction upon that principle. It holds to that policy because it believes it to be of the highest expediency. But impeachment has never been more than the whim of a few. It has never been sanctioned by the intelligent judgment of the country to which all the facts are familiar; and we do not believe it will be sustained by Congress.

NEW YORK CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE government of a great sea-port like the city of New York is necessarily very expensive. But the important question is: does it get its money's worth? or is the money squandered and wasted? The late municipal contest provoked a searching discussion of the question, in the course of which the most extraordinary misstatements were freely made. Those who are anxious to intrust the government of the city wholly and unreservedly to the vote of its inhabitants, and without the least reference to the rights in the city of the people of the State, labor strenuously to make it appear that the bulk of the expenses of the city arise from the Commissions established by the State. That this is not so can be shown by a reference to the facts and figures. But even were it so, the question is, whether the services performed by the Commissions could be dispensed with, or whether the same efficiency could be secured at a smaller expense. Let us see, however, what the facts are.

The Mayor's message of January 7, 1867, states the tax levy of 1866 at $16,950,767 88. Adding to this sum, however, the city and county revenues applicable to the support of the Government, amounting to $1,878,215 84 there is a total of $18,828,983 72.

Of this whole tax levy, the Mayor estimated—including 3 per cent. additional to meet deficiencies—$15,926,134 35 for city and county purposes exclusively.

How much of this was under the control of "irresponsible Commissions?"

The allowance for the Central Park Commission was $339,779 93.

For the Metropolitan Fire Department, $870,000.

For the Metropolitan Police, $2,270,984 70.

For the Board of Health, $225,000.

Add allowance for construction of Harlem Bridge, for Commissioners of Record, etc., and we have a sum of $4,174,106 32, for disbursement by the Commissions.

The aggregate of the principal and interest of the city and county debt to be paid was $2,401,472 35. Add this to the sum allowed for Commissions, and we have $6,575,578 67, and deducting this total from the whole sum of $15,926,134 35 for city and county purposes, we have a balance of $9,350,555 68 under the absolute control of the city government, against $4,174,106 32, for the State Commissions.

Is this money wasted, or is it likely that the necessary services performed could be more cheaply accomplished by the city? To the Central Park management no serious objection is made. If that work should be intrusted to the city Rings, we can easily foresee the result. The expense of the Board of Health in 1866 was $102,587 93; the expense of the City Inspector's Department in the year 1865, having the same subject in charge, was $221,086 39. That Department also cleaned (?) the streets at a cost of more than $1,000,000. The present expense, under Commissions, is about $500,000. The Volunteer Fire Department was an increasing source of disorder, costing, directly and indirectly, more than $1,000,000. The force was about 3700 men, under the new system it is about 600; and of the amount expended for this Department in 1866, some $600,000 was for payment of the men. Is extravagance or fraud charged upon this Department? Do the Insurance Companies ask to return to the old system?

The Police Commission is, however, the object of especial hostility upon the part of those who complain that the city is not left entirely to its own management. For the year ending November 1, 1866, the expenses of this Commission for the city were $2,338,406 70. Of this sum $2,240,183 30 were for payment of the salaries of the force, leaving $98,223 40 for other expenses. By its energetic action as the executive of the Board of Excise, this Department has paid to the city more than $1,000,000 for excise fees, instead of less than $20,000 received in previous years from the local officers. Are there too many policemen, and are they too highly paid? In the great cities of Europe police are employed at the rate of one to every five hundred of population, and they have a standing army behind them. Our rate is about the same, without the army, and the force is certainly not overpaid. Of the efficiency of the police, and of the general sense of security which they inspire, every intelligent citizen of New York is a grateful witness. There are thousands of those whose party ties force them into an attitude of hostility to the Metropolitan Police, who would most earnestly deplore its abolition, and who will very gladly see that Mr. Opdyke and the minority of the City Committee in the State Convention have reported in favor of continuing the State appointment of the Police and the Health Board.

The efficient government of the City of New York is not a local question, nor even a State question merely; but the whole country has a peculiar interest in it. It is impossible to conceal the vital relation of the city to the State, or to deny that the population living upon Manhattan Island can rightfully exercise no political power whatever except that which is delegated to it by the political community, or State, of which it is a part. The subject will soon engage the attention of the Constitutional Convention, and we shall next week speak of the various propositions of the City Committee now before that body.

WHEN TO RESUME.

THE "sense" of the people is unmistakably in favor of resumption of specie payments. The question of greatest difficulty is, when can it be made practicable?

We have heretofore suggested that if Congress were to fix a period for such a consummation, the act itself would facilitate resumption, because a decline in gold would inevitably follow its passage. We do not mean that resumption can be secured by mere legal enactment, but we may refer to history for precedent to prove how great assistance legislation can render. The course of the Bank of England, from the date of the commencement of its embarrassments in 1796, may be reviewed with special interest and advantage at the present time.

When, through various causes, the specie in its vaults had been reduced to £1,270,000 in February, 1797, the Parliament, in order to prevent any further drain, passed the celebrated Bank Restriction Act, exempting the Bank from redeeming its notes in specie, and authorizing it to issue £1 and £2 legal tender notes in place of coin. This initiated that famous suspension of specie payments which so enhanced the price of the precious metals in England as to drive all gold coin out of circulation and raise the premium on specie, as compared with the notes of the Bank, to a maximum of nearly 30 per cent. This maximum was reached in 1813. It was not as great as the highest rate reached for American gold during the continuance of the late rebellion, but it was sufficiently large to make the peculiarities of the case entirely applicable to our present and immediate requirements, and the remedies then adopted equally efficacious for our relief.

As in our own case, so in England, the return of peace in 1814 brought about an immediate and considerable decline in the rate of premium, and this was assisted by a forced system of contraction imposed by Parliament. (As between contraction and inflation as a remedy for our financial difficulties, there can be but one rational choice. Adding more promises to pay will not liquidate indebtedness; canceling those promises certainly will, proportionately—but a man, by too strenuous effort to clear himself of debt, may so cramp or impoverish himself as to render the payment of the balance of his obligations utterly impossible. From the same point of view, we deprecate too rapid contraction in our national management.)

We have remarked that the first step toward resumption in England was contraction. Parliament attempted to designate when full resumption should take place. How successful the attempt proved is shown in the fact that, although the Restriction Act of 1797 named "six months after the signing of a treaty of peace," it was not until *twenty-one years after* the signing of such treaty (the treaty of Amiens) that full resumption was accomplished. It was found utterly impossible to enforce resumption at the period first designated—as much so as to make water run up hill by legal enactment—and therefore the time was postponed. The suspension was continued from year to year until 1819, when a new plan was devised and recommended by a Committee of the House of Commons, Sir ROBERT PEEL, chairman, and embodied in what is known as the "First Peel Act;" this was a scale of graduated prices, to continue in use and operation for two years and a half, and to regulate the exchange of paper for specie. The Bank, however, did not fully avail itself of the privilege, but commenced a full resumption in May, 1823, just twenty-six years after the date of suspension. During all this time the Bank of England notes were employed as legal tender throughout the Kingdom.

Now, if the United States were to continue to do business on a paper basis for ten years longer, it need not feel humiliated before nations on that account. Perhaps, it may find, upon experiment, that it will be obliged to, as England did; but that is not probable. With a capital doubling every ten years, as ours does, and the taxes we raise absorbed directly by the productive industry of the country; with new inventions flooding the Patent-office as they do, and our population increasing in wonderful ratio; with our mercantile reputation kept untarnished, and the national credit sustained by a prompt and honest canceling of its obligations as they fall due, we may at least devote our serious thoughts to the question of when shall resumption take place. Should Congress fix the time, either in the immediate or more distant future, it may be found necessary, when that time comes, to postpone resumption, as England did time and again; or if the attempting resumption in full is too great an undertaking, then we can adopt a scale of graduated prices to continue until such time as "par" is reached, and paper and bullion meet on an equal footing. One thing, however, is positive, and this we have always insisted upon, that no resumption can take place without an accumulation of specie in the Treasury amply sufficient to serve as a basis for redemption.

GENERAL GRANT'S TESTIMONY.

THE testimony of General GRANT before the Judiciary Committee reveals his remarkable good sense in a striking light. It has unquestionably deepened the general respect for his sagacity and confidence in his ability. The two subjects of interest in his examination were his view of the scope of the parole of General LEE and his soldiers, and of the reconstructive measures of the President.

Upon the first point General GRANT is very emphatic. He holds that as Commander in the field he was authorized to receive a surrender which was not unconditional. That the army before him were rebels was, under the circumstances, not vital. He was making war, and was governed by the laws of war. "The parole," he says, "gave them protection and exemption from punishment for all offenses not in violation of the rules of civilized warfare so long as their parole was kept." LEE and his army would certainly not have surrendered if they supposed they were to be tried and hung, and, except for the parole and surrender, an endless guerrilla and bushwhacking contest would have ensued. He did not consider that the parole gave those who surrendered any political rights whatever. "I thought that was a matter entirely with Congress, over which I had no control whatever." General GRANT reasoned not like a casuist, but like a man of sound sense, and a statesman.

Upon the second point, the "President's plan," the General is equally direct and sensible. It was his wish, as it was Mr. LINCOLN'S intention, that some kind of civil government should at once be established in the Southern States, "until Congress could meet and establish governments there." With that understanding, which was certainly that of the country, he gave no specific opinion unless it was requested; but he was very anxious that some kind of temporary system should be adopted, and that speedily.

The Democratic journals try very hard to show from the General's testimony that because Mr. LINCOLN wished provisional governments to be established in the disordered States, and had prepared a proclamation to that effect, therefore Mr. JOHNSON'S performances are merely fulfilling the intentions of Mr. Lincoln. If these papers really think so they ought to have decried Mr. Johnson as a gorilla long ago. They also labor with admirable zeal to show that General Grant's testimony shows his want of sympathy with the Radicals. The failure of these excellent efforts is signal. The General says that he regarded the President's plan as temporary, and was of opinion that reconstruction was the business of Congress. These are very sound views. General Grant's enunciation of them is perfectly simple and manly. If they are agreeable to those who hold that Congress has nothing to do but to admit the members whom the ex-rebels send, they are certainly satisfactory to us. And if those who think that General Grant may be nominated by either party, suppose that his opinions as shown by his testimony will be adopted as the Democratic platform, we wish them joy of their remarkable faith.

GOLD OR PAPER?

General Butler has opened his financial campaign in Congress with great vigor. He has prepared a bill providing "that the national indebtedness be paid in exact accordance with the acts of Congress creating it." Is the General alarmed? Does he think the Government is in danger of repudiating its obligations? Does he think the debt is likely to be paid in some other way than its creditors expect? Is he afraid that Mr. Pendleton's influence is growing? Let the General be comforted. During the sale of the Five-Twenties of '64 Messrs. Barclay and Livingston, of New York, asked Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, a question to which the Assistant Secretary replied: "I am directed by the Secretary to say that it is the purpose of the Government to pay said bonds, like other bonds of the United States, in coin at maturity." This does not bind the Government, indeed, but it shows at least what the Secretary of the Treasury thought, and he was supposed to have known something of the meaning of the bill. Did the General ever hear of any one who bought those bonds with the understanding that they were *not* to be paid in coin? Mr. John Law writes to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens that when he voted for issuing the bonds he supposed they would be paid in the lawful currency of the United States. But Mr. Law does not add, what he undoubtedly thought, in common with all other good citizens, that when those bonds were payable the lawful currency of the United States would be gold and silver coin.

Mr. M'Culloch also, the present Secretary of the Treasury, writes on the 7th of October, 1867: "I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the Five-Twenty bonds, when they are paid, in coin." Why then should General Butler doubt that these bonds at least will be paid in exact accordance with the act of Congress creating them? The law of February 25, 1862, authorizing the Five-Twenties of that year, and the Five-Twenty law of June 30, 1864, provide expressly that the interest shall be payable in coin, but are silent as to the principal. Certainly they are silent as to the principal, and for the same kind of reason that there was no law against parricide in Rome. It was regarded as an impossible crime. In like manner it was assumed, without the possibility of question, that the debt would be paid in gold. It was, therefore, not necessary to say so. But the law specified the payment of the interest in coin because specie payments were suspended. The law, therefore, practically said to every lender, "Although coin is not in circulation we will still pay your interest in gold, as well, of course, as the principal."

It is true that the question was raised, as we have seen. It is true that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens said that the principal was not payable in gold. But, so far as individual opinions are concerned, that of Secretary Chase is quite as decisive as that of Mr. Stevens. And behind all individual interpretations lies the great question of good faith—what was the universal understanding? Can any man be produced who took the bonds expecting, either from reading the law or from its intention as expounded by the Government agents, that they were to be paid in any thing but gold or its equivalent? When Secretary Chase said that such was the true view, was he deceiving or deceived? When Jay Cooke & Co. said that the interest and principal were payable in coin, were they deceived or deceiving?

Perhaps General Butler is afraid that some ingenious lawyer may construe the law so as to favor repudiation; may insist, for instance, that as the promise to pay gold is not express and verbal, there is no promise at all; may contend that "the faith of the Government" is a very vague term and "understanding" a meaningless phrase. There have been, indeed, attempts of this kind. It has been asserted that the specification of coin payment for the interest and not for the principal means, of course, that the interest only is so payable. But this is only repudiation made easy. When the country is ready to repudiate it is ready to be dishonored. Until then it will insist "that the national indebtedness be paid in exact accordance with [the spirit and understood intention of] the acts of Congress creating it." So great a departure from all precedent as payment in paper must be justified by express stipulation. Where is the law which says payment shall be made in paper?

BUNCOMBE AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

That the Fenians in this city who have carried on the war against the perfidious Saxon by denouncing him at a distance of three thousand miles should devote a public holiday to a solemn memorial procession and services in honor of the men lately executed in Manchester was natural. But that those who are not Fenians should seize the opportunity of the execution to gather in great numbers at the Cooper Institute and talk about "the last resort" in case England does not respect the right of American citizens, is the most deplorable piece of Buncombe that has been lately performed.

Is there a single intelligent person in this country who seriously believes that England is likely, under existing circumstances, to be careless of the rights of American citizens? If there were not a large Irish vote in the city of New York, does any body suppose that the execution of the men at Manchester would be chosen as the moment to assert abstractly the duty of the American Government to defend its citizens peaceably traveling in England or elsewhere? There are large numbers of Irishmen who seem to imagine that this country is chiefly designed as a safe asylum in which they can declaim against England, or from which they can depart to foment trouble in English territory, protected by their naturalization papers. They hope to use this country as a convenience in gratifying their grudge against England. Such persons are the most undesirable of all who come to these shores. They are neither good Americans, nor good citizens of the world. They are mere restless agitators; and as useless here as they are unwelcome every where else. Yet all their honest rights must be protected. Wisdom and usefulness are not required of American citizens of whatever birth; and the Government knows no great and no small among them.

Now the facts are that the traditional Irish hostility to the English has recently taken the form of a conspiracy called Fenianism. It has been extremely popular in this country, and large sums of money have been raised to promote its objects. It has culminated here in a frantic foray upon Canada, in which several innocent Canadians were murdered while defending their homes against a mob, which professed to be an army making war upon Great Britain. Further crimes being prevented by the energy of the American Government, many of the more daring of the people interested have gone to England and Ireland. There also there have been outbreaks disturbing the peace; nowhere rising into serious proportions, but every where harassing the country. The Government, fully alert, has made arrests, and some of the arrested persons have appealed to Mr. Adams, our Minister, for protection and relief as American citizens. We do not learn, for it is not seriously charged except by a Fenian in Congress, nor do we believe, that Mr. Adams has been negligent of his duty in the matter.

At length some of the English authorities, having made certain arrests in Manchester, are attacked, for the purpose of rescuing their prisoners. Defending themselves, one of the officers, at least, is killed. Some of the leaders of the riot are arrested, tried, convicted, and executed. The offense was unquestioned. The wisdom of enforcing the penalty is very doubtful. But it is during the excitement occasioned by this execution that certain noted political gentlemen hasten to the Cooper Institute and solemnly resolve that the time has arrived when the dignity of the Republic demands, etc., etc., etc., and if the British Government should refuse, etc., etc., etc. What is the inevitable result of such a performance but immense aid and comfort to those who are engaged in raising riots in England? And what does every intelligent man feel to be the intention but propitiation of "the Irish vote" and pandering to the popular hostility to England?

When we consider the enormous immigration from Europe to this country, mainly directed upon this city of New York, and amounting to nearly four million persons during the last twenty years; of whom more than 163,000 arrived in the first seven months of this year; and reflect that the very worst portion of the whole remains in the city swelling its vote, so that three-fifths of the whole city vote is now foreign born, we can anticipate the vast demoralization which such a mass of ignorance and prejudice is sure to work in our politics and upon our politicians, and perceive that there is no remedy or hope but in the most strenuous efforts at universal education. Yet it is sad to see that instead of assisting the great work of education by a reasonable and judicious restraining of popular prejudice and passion, there are men of good character and intention who hasten to stimulate prejudice and pander to passion.

But public education is not confined to the school-house. Every public speaker is a teacher of the people. John Bright never showed himself so truly a statesman in the loftiest sense as when he withstood the whirlwind of indignation against this country which swept through England at the time of the capture of the *Trent*. Nothing would have been so easy, so popular, and so contemptible, as to have kindled the popular feeling to frenzy. But John Bright exhorted his countrymen not to be swift to believe an intentional wrong, but to consider all the circumstances and learn all the facts. Then, if America were found to be clearly in the wrong, let reparation be demanded. He knew that the honor of the English name could not be tarnished by friendly forbearance with the United States. Were John Bright an American he would certainly have taken the same tone toward England at the Cooper Institute, and he would have been hooted for his pains.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

This famous traveler has just returned from England, where he has made a brief visit for the purpose of superintending the foreign publication of his new book. This is to be entitled "*Stories of the Gorilla Country, narrated for Young People, by* Paul Du Chaillu." The scope of this book is clearly expressed in a brief Preliminary Chapter. "In such a wild country as Africa," says Du Chaillu, "one does not go far without adventures. In this book I have attempted to relate some of the incidents of life in Africa for the reading of Young Folks. In it I have entered into more minute details concerning the life of the native inhabitants than I could do in my other books, and have shown how the people build their houses, what are their amusements, how they hunt, fish, eat, travel, and live. Whenever I am at a friend's house the children ask me to tell them something about Africa. I like children, and in this book have written especially for them." This book of Paul Du Chaillu, profusely illustrated, is in the press of Harper & Brothers. It can not fail to be, in the department to which it belongs, the Book of the Season. M. Du Chaillu proposes also to deliver a series of lectures describing his adventures and observations in those regions of Africa which he was the first white to penetrate. If he is as animated and graphic on the platform as he is in conversation, his lectures will be among the most entertaining as well as instructive to which the public will have an opportunity of listening.

THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

In the multiplicity of articles which we have published regarding the Central and Union Pacific Railroads some slight errors have naturally been made. One of the most important of these is thus set right by the Hon. John J. Cisco, Treasurer of the Union Pacific line:

Union Pacific Railroad Company,
No. 20 Nassau Street, New York, *Dec.* 9, 1867.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The Union Pacific Railroad Company and the country generally are under great obligations for the liberal manner in which you have presented their enterprise to the public, by artistic illustrations and able articles in your very valuable publications; but a writer in your issue for December made an error while commenting upon the financial relations of the Central Pacific Company of California building the Western part of the line, and the Union Pacific Company building the Eastern part. He says: "They are in a certain sense rival corporations, and that the rivalry exists in this—that the first Company which shall complete its road to Salt Lake City shall be entitled to the national charter and national land and money grants for the whole line from Omaha to Sacramento."

The acts of Congress provide that *each* of the Companies constructing the Pacific Railroad line shall be entitled to Government bonds in varying amounts per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, and to Government lands, at the rate of 12,800 *acres* to the mile, as *each section of twenty miles* is completed and accepted by the United States Commissioners. These provisions are absolute, and are without reference to the number of miles to be built by either Company. I believe that the only rivalry existing between the two companies is which shall have the honor of doing the most of this greatest work of ancient or modern times.

Please accept my thanks for the generous interest you have manifested toward it, and believe me to be

Very truly yours,
John J. Cisco, *Treasurer.*

LITERARY.

Some months since, perhaps about last Christmas—or was it the year before?—Miss Mary L. Booth introduced all of us children, large and small, to the delightful fairy tales of Laboulaye. The younger part of us received the book with enthusiasm; and if they are satisfied it matters little whether the older part are or not. And now just as the holidays are coming the same good friend offers us another fairy book so fresh and charming that it seems as if she had found a new flower for us. She has translated "Macé's Fairy Book, or Home Fairy Tales," which the Harpers have published in the handsomest form and beautifully illustrated. The vast company of lovers of Laboulaye's fairy lore will enjoy to the utmost the delightful humor of "Little Ravageot," and "Goldielocks," of "the Necklace of Truth," and "the Enchanted Watch." These are some of the stories in Macé's Fairy Book.

And who is Macé? Why, dear little people, don't you know that about thirty years ago Mademoiselle Verenet, a kind French lady who was not well, went into the pleasant country of Rhenish France and lived in a beautiful cottage covered with vines called "the little castle?" And don't you know that a little cousin was sent to her to be educated, and then another, and another, and another, until as her family grew in this way her house grew too, until at length there was the most delightful school for girls ever heard of at the little castle in the pleasant country of Rhenish France? And don't you know that Mr. Jean Macé, who had been a scholar, and a teacher, and an editor, and a politician in Paris, was blown out of that city, like a leaf, as he says, by the great gust of December, 1851, when Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor; and having been before at the little castle and always most kindly remembering it, he went thither at once with his family, and has lived there ever since; for, as he says, "after capriciously trying a little of every thing it was found that I was born for a professor in a young ladies' school."

Now you know that Mr. Macé is a French schoolmaster, and these stories of his are called "Tales of the little Castle;" but with his consent Miss Booth has called them Home Fairy Tales. And so they will be! In many thousands of homes in this country they will be read and told, and told and read again. They are simple, and fanciful, and original, and have such a mannerly moral! And we will all hope that by the holidays of another year Miss Booth will have discovered another fairy book as delightful as Laboulaye's and Macé's.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message of President Johnson to the second session of the Fortieth Congress was laid before the Senate and House of Representatives on December 3.

He announces that his well-known convictions on the reconstruction measures of Congress are not only unchanged but strengthened by late events and further reflections. He reiterates his old arguments that the Southern States never having been out of the Union are entitled to all the rights and privileges conferred by the Constitution of the Union, and that the establishment of the present military governments at the South are usurpations on the part of Congress not justified by the Constitution. He recommends the repeal of the acts which established these governments as unconstitutional. He charges that "it is manifestly and avowedly the object of these laws to confer upon the negroes the privilege of voting, and to disfranchise such number of white citizens as will give the former a clear majority at all elections in the Southern States," and declares that "the subjugation of States to negro domination would be worse than the military despotism under which they are now suffering."

He calls this effort to clothe the negroes with a power which may be their protection in the future an effort to establish "negro governments," and asserts that after being established in control of the South, the negroes can not maintain their supremacy, and that without military power they are wholly incapable of holding in subjection the white people of the South. He therefore argues that these "negro governments" will have to be maintained at a cost of $200,000,000 to the General Government.

In alluding to matters of lesser moment, he recommended the repeal of the "Tenure of Office Bill," in order that the Executive may correct, by the removal of certain officers, the system of collecting and disbursing the national revenue, and prevent the now frequent frauds on the Treasury. The circulation of the national bank notes and legal tenders amounts to $700,000,000, having a commercial value of not more than $350,000,000, and he argues in favor of the redemption of all national bank issues. A thorough revision of the revenue system by the adjustment of the revenue laws and import duties is urged. The military strength of the regular army is 56,315; its expenses for the ten months ending on October 29, 1867, was $109,807,000. Seven million forty-one thousand one hundred and fourteen acres of the public lands were sold during the fiscal year. The pension-roll contains 155,474 names; the pension disbursements foot up for 1867 $18,619,956.

Eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-five patents were issued during the year ending September 30, 1867. The seven squadrons of the navy comprise 56 vessels, carrying five hundred and seven guns. The whole naval force comprises 238 vessels, and cost for the year ending June 30, 1867, $31,034,011. The receipts of the Postal Department were $19,978,693; the expenditures were $19,235,483. Official announcement is made of the treaty with Denmark for the cession of St. Thomas.

THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The extra term of the first session of the Fortieth Congress came to an end on December 2; and at noon of the same day the second session of the same Congress began.

The extra session has been devoted chiefly to financial matters. In the House, on November 26, a resolution requesting the Committee on Banks and Currency to report a bill withdrawing National Bank currency from circulation and substituting greenbacks therefor was referred. An effort to table it was defeated by a vote of 101 to 51, and the subject comes up again for discussion as part of the business of the regular session.

A resolution inquiring into the expediency of establishing a new scale of taxation by which only sufficient revenue will be obtained to bear the expenses of the Government and pay the interest on the national debt was adopted.

Mr. Morill, in the Senate on November 29, introduced a bill providing for the redemption of legal tender and national bank notes in coin after July 1868, and the selling of all gold in the Treasury in excess of $75,000,000 after January 1869. It was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

NEWS ITEMS.

Jeff Davis's trial has again been postponed; this time until March 22, 1868. The trial will be under a new indictment found on November 27 by the Richmond Grand Jury.

Weston, the pedestrian, arrived at Chicago, Illinois, the end of his journey of 1237¾ miles, on November 28, at nine o'clock, two hours ahead of time. He failed in his attempts to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours but is to attempt it again on the Dexter race-course at Chicago.

General Hancock, in assuming command of the Fifth Military District, issued an order declaring that freedom of speech, the *habeas corpus*, and the right of trial by jury must not be infringed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian question still continues the absorbing one of Europe. The conference called by Napoleon has not yet been acceded to by the great powers nor consented to by Italy and the Pope. Austria has officially declared that "the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope is necessary to the peace of Europe." Russian papers semi-officially declare that "the present boundaries of Rome can not be maintained in the conference." Prussia has accepted the conference; England has not yet decided. Italy demands explanations of the intentions of France; and Napoleon has been finally compelled to announce that the expedition to Rome was intended merely to guarantee the safety of the Pope, and that the question between the Holy See and Italy was one of "distrust," which the conference was intended to remove.

A revolution has broken out in the State of Durango, Mexico; and Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President of Mexico, is at the head of it.

Another hurricane and earthquake visited the West Indies on November 18 and 19, and many lives and vessels were lost at St. Thomas, St. Croix, Tortola, Peter's Island, and Little Saba. At St. Thomas the sea rose fifty feet, and the earthquake was very violent and did great damage.

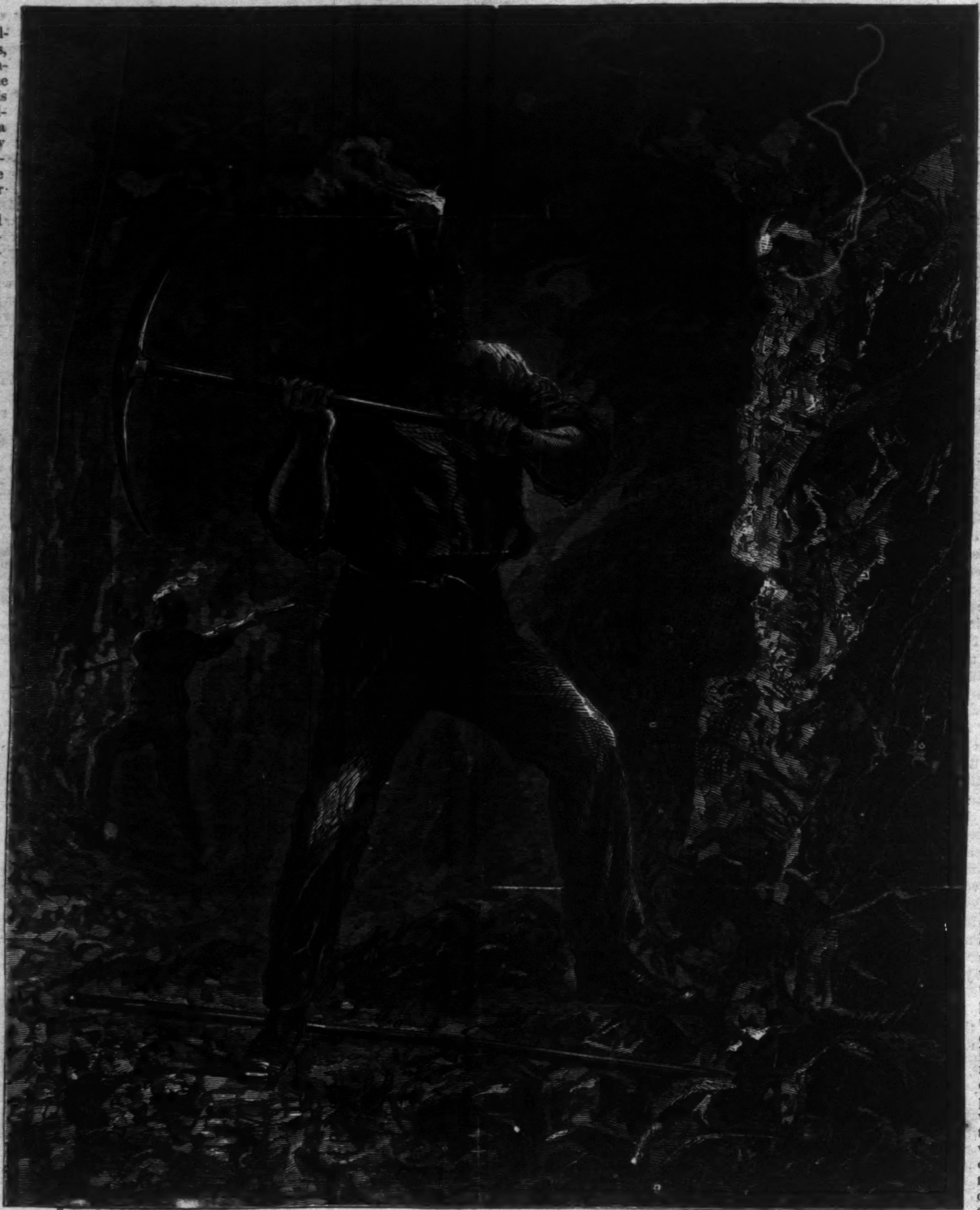
COAL-MINING.

THE great bituminous coal-field of the United States, called the Appalachian, commences near the northern line of Pennsylvania; and; in this portion of the State, in Bradford, Lycoming, and Tioga counties, it is represented by several isolated basins, separated from each other by the conglomerate or still lower strata forming the summits. Toward the south, bounded on the east by the main Alleghany ridge, the coal measures spread over the surface, including the whole central and southwestern part of the State, the southwestern part of Ohio, the eastern parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the western portions of Virginia. The formation terminates in Northern Alabama, but appears again as far south as Tuscaloosa. Including the outlying anthracite basins further to the east, the whole area has been estimated at 65,000 square miles. Another coal-field of almost equal extent occupies the greater part of Illinois, the western portion of Indiana, and a small district in the northwestern part of Kentucky. It is separated by only a narrow tract, occupied by lower strata, from the great coal-field of Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri.

The area of coal lands in the United States is nearly three-fourths of all the coal-producing land in Europe and America, yet the amount of coal annually mined in this country is only about one-tenth of the total amount produced on the two continents. The whole coal-field of Europe is less extensive than that of Illinois and Indiana; England and Ireland have less coal than the State of Ohio, about one-fourth that of Pennsylvania; and yet England produces three times as much coal annually as is mined in Pennsylvania.

Rondout, New York, situated on the Hudson River, 90 miles north of New York City, is one of the principal outlets for coal in the country. It is at the eastern terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and here is to be found the scene illustrated by our artist on this page. There are no less that eight hundred canal boats engaged in bringing coal from the Pennsylvania mines by this canal to Rondout, and they annually carry over 1,000,000 of tons to this point for the New York and Boston markets. The canal is 108 miles in length, and passes through some of the most picturesque country in New York State.

Our other illustration shows a coal-miner at work in the mine.



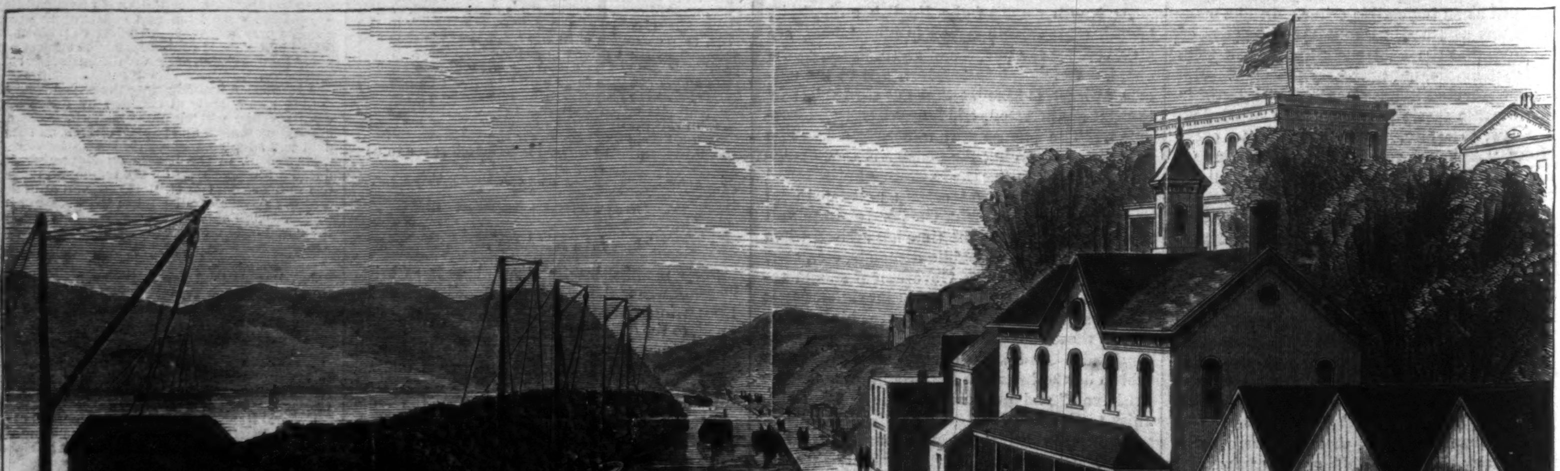
THE COAL-MINER AT WORK.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

SEDENTARY HABITS OF WOMEN.

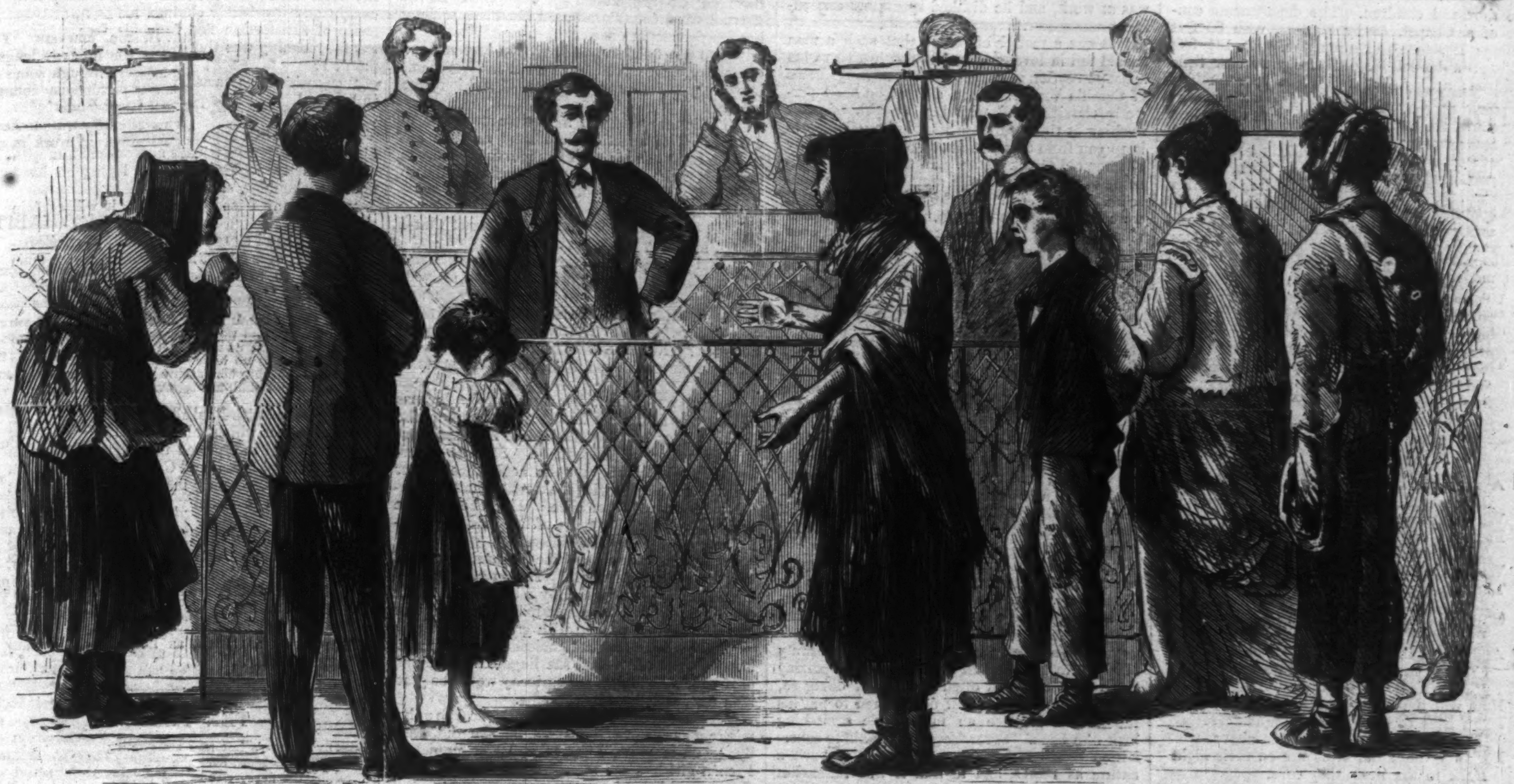
WHEN a foreigner comes to the United States and writes a book on the people of this country he is sure to mention two facts about American ladies—first, that they are very beautiful, and, secondly, that they are very unhealthy. The United States is always spoken of by foreigners as "a country abounding in sick ladies."

One of the reasons why women generally are weaker than men, and why American ladies are not so ruddy as the English, and enduring and vigorous as the French, and why the ladies of the United States outside of New York are generally less ruddy and strong than the ladies of the Metropolis (and such is the case), is the very circumscribed manner in which they pass their days, their lack of exercise—in short, their weakness results from their sedentary habits. Humanity was designed for activity. It is necessary to have action of body and mental excitement to develop the individual.—Any departure from that law invariably shows itself in a degree of feebleness which, in some cases, terminates in the early failure of all vitality.

It is a noteworthy fact, and one quite familiar to all persons of observation, that the conditions of health are determined by circumstances of social position. Poor women and the daughters of poor parents have a certain amount of robustness and vigor which those who are watched over with ceaseless care, that nothing may interfere with their progress in physical and intellectual development, seldom possess. We look at the broken panes in the sleeping-rooms of the children of poverty, and pity the poor exposed creatures, when their very deprivation is a blessing to them. Those who sleep with "the sky for a covering," or in rooms through which the air freely circulates because there is nothing to keep the wind away, have usually sound lungs, while the



THE COAL DEPOT AT RONDOUT, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE JEFFERSON MARKET COURT, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

young lady who is waited on by a dressing-maid, and is boxed up in air-tight apartments, usually has none to speak of. Their thin wearing-apparel of gossamer materials, too light for warmth, offer no protection when they are permitted to inhale an atmosphere which the poor are obliged to breathe indoor as well as out. Coarse food is another element of youthful health. If the children of the rich were provided with a simple diet, instead of the mixed condiments and highly-flavored dishes on which they are, as a general thing, unfortunately pampered, there would not be such vast numbers of sickly ones; and if the young women of America were compelled to walk more, ride less, work more and idle less, there would be more healthy ones.

JEFFERSON MARKET COURT.

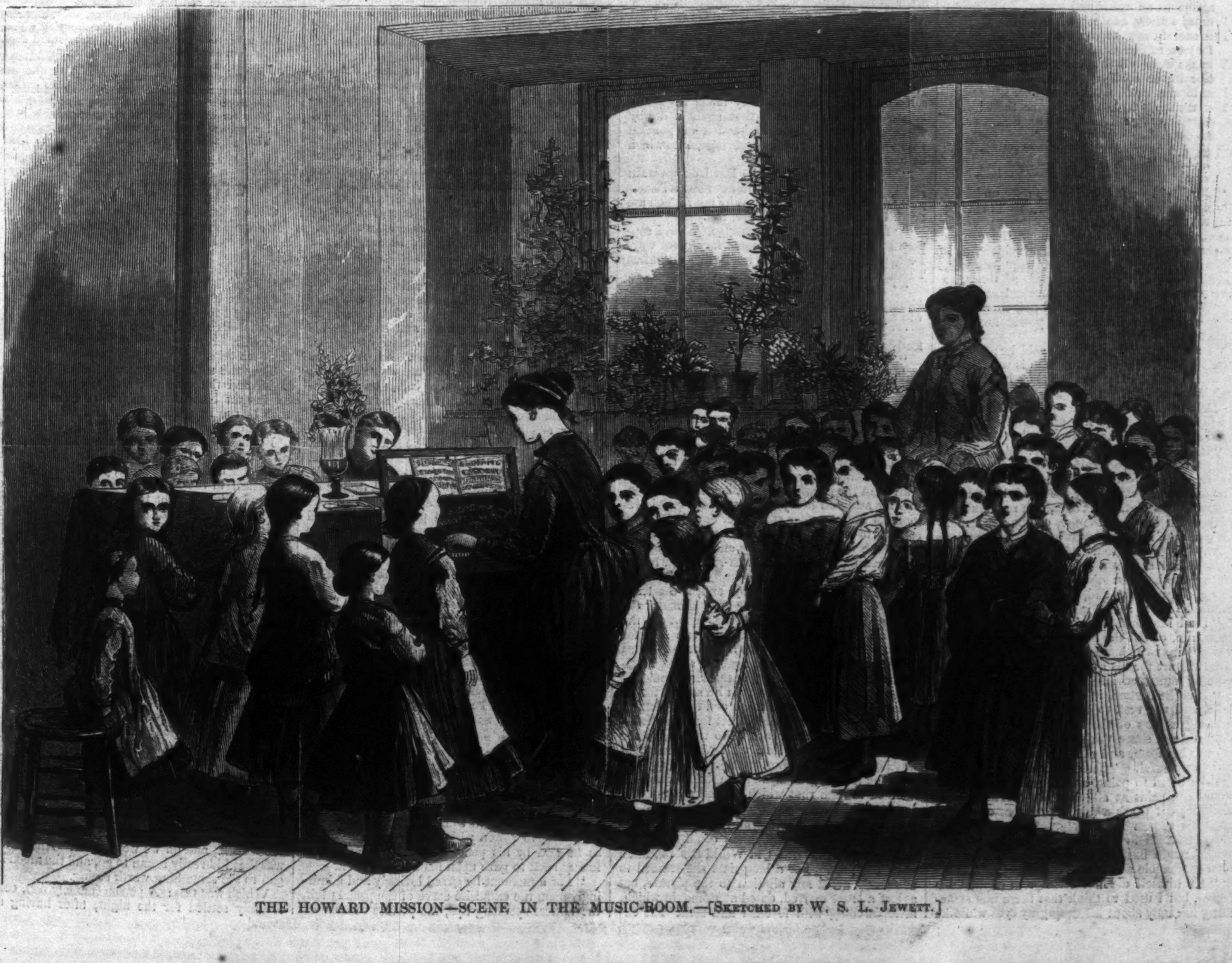
THERE is no person or thing for whom or which the petty rogues of New York have a "holier horror" than the presiding Judge and his Police Court in Jefferson Market. We give a view of the interior of this court-room during a busy session, with the calendar full and the work in hand progressing with spirit.

HOWARD MISSION.

WE have given in this volume of the *Weekly* some very interesting statistics about what may be called the "Homeless of New York"—the little waifs of society that come under the name of "News-boys," "Lost Children," and "Little Wanderers"—and have attempted, in the same connection, to explain the operations of the charitable institutions and city authorities which endeavor to provide for and reclaim them. We have seen how the police have for many years past annually returned nearly 1000 lost children to their parents, and how the News-boys' Lodging House has given food and shelter from year to year to eight thousand children. The statistics of the other branches of the "Children's Aid Society" are equally startling and interesting.

Among the many admirable charities of this city is the Howard Mission, begun and incorporated in 1861. Its object is "to do all the good it can to the bodies and souls of all whom it can reach," and it is at once a home and a school. Though started as late as 1861 the Mission has been highly successful, and 7581 children have been received at its doors, fed at its tables, clothed from its wardrobe, and taught in its schools. So successful indeed has been the operation of the Mission that on November 28—Thanksgiving Day—the first of the new large buildings or homes was opened, although in an unfinished state, to the public. The exercises of the occasion consisted of singing and short addresses, and a grand dinner, of which five hundred children partook.

The new building when finished will have accommodation in its various departments for



THE HOWARD MISSION—SCENE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

one thousand children. The departments consist of a Chapel, 50 by 80 feet, with 35 feet ceiling; Basement, of same size, with 13½ feet ceiling; a model Hospital for poor sick little children; a Day Nursery, where poor mothers can leave their babies while they go out to work; and a Laundry, where the same class of mothers can come and do their own washing—also wash for others. Lodgings are provided for poor girls, who are without friends, money, work, food, or shelter. There is a Home for Children until they are provided for by friends or sent to homes by the Mission. There are four School-rooms, 44 by 26 feet, Dining-rooms, Work-rooms, Offices, Baths—in short, every thing necessary to render it a model worthy of imitation.

We give on page 789 of this number of the *Weekly* an interior view of the Mission, representing the children engaged, under the direction of a lady teacher, in learning to sing.

The Howard Mission is sustained entirely by the offerings of private citizens, and has never asked or received city, State, or national aid.

HIGH AND LOW.

A little nook, a barren nook,
Lowest and darkest in the hollow,
Where never sunbeam came to look,
Forsaken of the willful brook
That turned aside to follow
Where the first faint April sun
Through greening meadows let it run.

On the happier slopes anigh
I watched the sunlight flickering,
And heard the lonely hollow sigh
(Was it my own heart's murmuring?),
"I am forgotten of the spring,
Now will the earth grow warm and light,
I can hear through all the night
The buds awake in the trees above,
For they think the birds are on their flight
Back to the nests they love.

"Trees are stately things," it said,
"What they cover, who should know?
They will take on their glorious heads
All the bounty the heaven sheds,
And grandly they will spread and grow,
When the hill-side is daisied white,
And the summer is perfect quite,
I shall be silent, and mute, and lone,
Never a thing to call my own
Of all the summer's green and white.

"Poor little lonely nook!" I said,
"Alas! for things that are overgrown,
Alas! for things that were only made
To live in a royal beauty's shade,
And not for any of their own!
Sad fate that lesser lives must bear,
To that which hath is the double share."

Ah, subtle heart, that so will feign,
Shape to an unavowed regret,
Pitying self by another name,
Did ever hollow so complain?
Did ever Nature so forget?
When I followed the brook again,
Nor leaves nor buds were open yet,
But in the spot so lone and bare
Lo! the spring's first flower was there!

Carl Spencer.

THE TELL-TALE PICTURE.

"Yes," said the old artist, "you are undoubtedly right, the special power of those who may be truly called the great masters of portrait painting was their ability to bring out upon the canvas not the mere everyday face of their subject, as it might be known to his most casual acquaintances, but his *inner life*. They seemed, at times, to have painted the soul rather than the body."

"What a pity," I answered, "that we have no living masters to whom such power has been given!"

"I am not so sure of that," said he; "at all events I know of one at least, who is now living, in whom this faculty was developed in a very high degree."

"Who was he? Where could he be found? I will be bail that he has sent nothing to the Academy of Design since my day."

"He does not paint any more. At least he will paint no more portraits; but I believe there are few, if any, of his friends besides myself who know the reason why. If you have time, and will light another Havana, you may find the story worth hearing, though, of course, I must use names of my own invention."

Any thing with a touch of romance or mystery about it had always a charm for me, and so I prepared to hear the story. The old artist was a very good *raconteur*, and, after a few preliminary whiffs, he began:

"Paul Maynard was, in the eyes of all who knew him, one of the favorites of the Fates; he was young, rich, handsome, and a genius. He loved his art for his art's sake, and was rapidly winning a most enviable reputation.

"It is the custom, in spite of Titian and Vandyke, and the rest, to look down upon portrait painting as one of the lower walks of art, but Paul did not share the notion. Portrait painting was his forte, and some of his pictures were truly wonderful. There were not many faces that he cared to paint, and for most people he would not paint at all; but the most 'sphinx-like' faces, if that's a fair expression, came out upon his canvas *interpreted*. Nor were all his interpretations flattering by any means. Some people made haste to burn their likenesses as soon as possible after obtaining possession.

"He himself did not attempt to explain his power, but I used to think that there was something uncanny about his deep-gray eyes while he was at work, and he disliked spectators exceedingly.

"It was a matter of course that such a man should fall in love, and he did full justice to his artist perception of the beautiful in making choice of Camilla Vraine. Such a face she had! perfectly classical, and with just enough of color flushing at times through its marble paleness to keep you from being reminded of the cold beauty of some old Greek statue. In the very arrangement of her dark hair she seemed, whether consciously or not, to follow the antique. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, with an unreadable something in them that fascinated you even more than the extreme sweetness of their every-day expression. Every body envied Paul his success, for it soon became plain that his love was passionately returned. Paul was indeed the favorite of the Fates.

"Camilla was only seventeen, and old Vraine, though pleased with the match, exercised his parental authority gently but firmly, and postponed the wedding for a year, during which time he proposed to make a trip to Europe with his daughter.

"'When they returned, if both were of the same mind' (you know what prudent fathers are apt to say); and the young lovers, after some chafing and a good many vows of constancy, dutifully submitted. A year was an age to look forward to, but it would soon pass away. After all, what was one year to a love like theirs?

"Nevertheless, Paul and Camilla made good use of the time that remained to them before her departure. They were together almost constantly, and every day's communion seemed to bind them still more strongly together.

"Much as Paul admired the wondrous beauty of his betrothed, he had never essayed to portray it. Not but he had often thought of doing so, but whenever he had half determined to put his thought in practice an undefinable something kept him back. Something nearly akin to superstition seems to be a necessary part of such a nature as Paul's, and in him it was somewhat stronger than usual.

"Now, however, that Camilla was going away, now that he could no longer daily feast his eyes upon the lovely original, he so far overcame his unreasonable reluctance as to ask her to sit to him for a likeness.

"'I only want your face, Camilla, to smile on me when you are beyond the seas.'

"A strange expression of pain and bewilderment shot across the fair face, and if Paul had not been blind he would have seen that it was with a feeling of extreme reluctance that Camilla at last yielded to his entreaties. Her consent once given, however, her disinclination seemed to pass away entirely, and she was more than usually merry and cheerful during the few brief hours which the time permitted her to pass in the luxurious studio of her artist lover.

"Paul worked diligently, and, though evidently hastily done, the portrait was a master-piece of art, and received the warm encomiums of the few near friends who were permitted to see it. Paul had laughingly forbidden Camilla so much as one look while the work was in progress; but when, at last, full of loving pride at what he justly deemed his success, he exhibited to his beautiful 'subject' the exquisitely truthful image of herself which had grown so swiftly under his subtle fingers, he was astonished that again a deadly paleness, and the same expression of puzzled pain took the place of the approving smiles which he had been expecting.

"'Oh, Paul, it is perfect! But I do not want you to keep that picture. Do not keep it!'

"'Not keep it, Camilla! Why not? You are not jealous of your own picture, are you?'

"'I do not know; it is so strange. Well, I suppose I am foolish, and you must have your way. Perhaps I shall change, and not be like that when I return.'

"'Then,' said Paul, 'I shall have to paint something more beautiful still. But your heart will not change, Camilla?'

"'No, Paul, never! But the eyes! How perfectly you have painted the eyes!'

"'Indeed I have not,' said Paul; 'and that is just where I find fault with myself. I shall try and improve them after you are gone.'

"'Oh no, Paul!' exclaimed Camilla. 'Do not touch them. Promise me that you will leave them as they are—promise me!'

"Paul readily gave the desired promise, and it was but a few days from that time that he found himself alone in his studio, with no better company than the portrait; while the beloved original was far away on her journey to those classic regions to whose earlier and better day she seemed so truly to belong. Sorely was he tempted to attempt the work of retouching and improving the cherished likeness; but he was restrained by his promise to Camilla.

"Week after week went by, and, if the truth must be told, many an hour that should have been given to work or study was spent by the foolish lover in dwelling upon the one idol for which his 'chapel of art' was a shrine. Still, as he gazed upon it again and again, a strange feeling of almost shuddering uneasiness would at times come over him. In vain he sought for its cause, either in his own mind or in the picture. Certainly every line of that sweet face was truthful, and he had even ventured to transfer to the canvas the smile of love with which she had watched him at his labor.

"The feeling grew upon him until he was half inclined to hate that which he had at first very nearly worshiped.

"Letters came and went, and Camilla wrote enthusiastically of her enjoyment of all the treasures of Art which the Old World has inherited from the past. For a long time she seemed to studiously avoid any allusion to the picture, but at last a letter arrived, dated at Rome, in which, after dwelling with feverish and somewhat extravagant eloquence upon her experiences in the Eternal City, Camilla adjured her lover to send her the portrait at once.

"'Do not fail,' she said, 'if you love me. I can not explain myself, but I shall be forever unhappy if you refuse my request. Send it to me *at once!*'

"The letter closed with more than usually warm expressions of affection, and Paul at once felt that he must comply with her request. He was almost surprised at himself to find that he did so with so little of real reluctance.

"'Ah,' he thought, 'her face is so clearly painted on my memory and on my heart that I do not need any reminder.'

"And so the picture was sent. Camilla was still at Rome when the coveted treasure arrived. Could she have desired to compare it with any of the matchless achievements of the old masters upon which she had been so long feasting her eyes? No; she would have given more for that one picture than for all the art-treasures in Rome.

"There was a fire in her room, for the day was of that raw and chilly kind which ushers in the Italian winter, and Camilla had always been sensitive in matters of temperature. She sat cowering before it, alone, and the negligence of her toilet accorded well with the troubled and mournful expression of her face. Her cheeks were flushed, and the long folds of her hair fell heavily over her rounded shoulders.

"'Will it never come?' she murmured. 'Oh! why did I let him have it? I must have been—' Here she was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a square parcel, evidently packed with great care.

"'A package for mademoiselle,' said she; 'it has just arrived.' And she lingered a moment, as if with a hope that her curiosity would be gratified with a sight of its contents.

"A gleam of pleasure shot across the face of her mistress as she took the parcel, but she said, hastily, 'You may go, Lisette!' and the inquisitive French girl had the mortification of hearing the door bolted behind her.

"The flush alternated with a marble paleness on the cheeks of Camilla as she tore off with trembling hands the many strong coverings of the package, and she fairly screamed with delight as she at last held up for an earnest scrutiny the coveted treasure—*the portrait*.

"'At last I have it! Oh, Paul, your fatal skill! But it shall never tell tales of me now—never! Has it told any? Does he suspect? He must never know. What if he has already found it out? If he has, would he tell? I will not let even him tell tales of me, much less this bit of painted canvas. If he did not see it he was blind. There it is. *I* can see it! I saw it then, but I did not know what it was. I know now, but nobody else ever shall. It is my own secret, and I can keep it. Fire does not tell any tales.'

"She stirred the glowing coals with nervous energy for a moment, and then the picture, with its slight and graceful frame, was laid, face downward, upon the consuming mass. For a few moments it smoked, crackled, and blazed, and then nothing but ashes remained of that evidence of the weird skill of Paul Maynard.

"'Safe now!' she muttered, almost fiercely. 'Fire tells no tales;' and again she sat down before the fire with a somewhat quieter expression upon her face, and now and then breathing long sighs of relief, as if she had been delivered from some great peril.

"Perhaps, if she could have looked in upon Paul in his studio that afternoon she might not have been as well satisfied. At first Paul experienced a positive feeling of relief over the absence of his usual company; but as the days went by he began to long for its presence again.

"'She has not forbidden me,' he thought, 'to paint another; and I will surprise her on her return with a portrait that will be as much superior to that as Titian is to a sign-painter.'

"And so, in an evil hour, he sat down to what he regarded as pre-eminently a labor of love. He had plenty of time now, and he threw his whole soul into the work. He entirely neglected society, and almost forgot to eat. Her face came up in his memory more and more vividly as he labored; and day by day the colors on the canvas assumed more and more nearly an almost living semblance of the beloved image. He himself was astonished at his wonderful success.

"'It will do all but speak,' he said to himself. 'But then the eyes; that must be my greatest triumph. And what eyes she has!'

"It was with something of his old feeling of dread, nevertheless, that he approached this part of his work, which he had purposely left until the last; and the feeling grew upon him as he went on. More than a month had now elapsed since he had parted with the first picture, and for that whole time he had received no word from Camilla. This had annoyed him, although her seeming silence could readily be accounted for in many ways. He had sat before his easel all that day, somewhat pale from overwork and confinement, but congratulating himself that his love-work was so nearly completed. Slowly he toiled away, touch after touch, utterly absorbed in his employment, and recalling, with thrills of pleasure so keen as to be half-way pain, a thousand fleeting expressions which he had so fondly watched in happy days gone by.

"'Oh, if I could only paint them all!' he muttered.

"But his fatal genius was sadly choosing for him the one expression which was to look out upon him from the unfathomable eyes of Camilla.

"Already the light from the high window was beginning to soften with the waning day when, as he laid by his pencil, the young artist drew fondly back to gaze upon his finished work.

"For a moment he gazed lovingly and admiringly upon the exquisite curve of the proud neck, the almost speaking lips, the perfect contour of the noble head; but then the eyes of the picture caught and irresistibly chained his own, and the smile of satisfaction fled from his face. What fearful meaning was that which he had so deftly painted?

"His white lips parted with a whisper: 'God in heaven! Can it be possible? Is it the truth, or am I—'

"The door had opened noiselessly, and one of his most confidential friends approached him with an open letter in his hand, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"'Paul, my friend, read this; it will explain the picture.'

"Paul's hand closed mechanically upon the paper, and his eyes fell with expanding horror upon the words to which his friend pointed. They read thus:

> "'You must break it to Paul, for I can not. I have long feared it, and now it has come. We have put her into an asylum at Lyons, but the physicians all say that there is no hope. Since it must be thus, I thank God that they also assure me that her sufferings will be brief. I shall not return to America.' .....

"I watched with Paul all that night, and during the brain-fever which followed. His genius had truly read and interpreted the latent madness in those beautiful eyes; and Camilla, with the keen perception and cunning instinct for concealment which belongs to insanity, had seen what others had not.

"I do not know that Paul ever again touched his easel, though Camilla has slept for many a year under the soil of France.

"But for that one tell-tale picture we might have had another great artist, and I burned it while Paul was in bed with the fever. I suppose he imagined as much, as he never asked any questions about it."

TEN YEARS.

Softly the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the meadow, over the lea,
Flushing the fleecy clouds, and tinting
With gold and crimson the azure sea,
Where hand in hand there wander together
Youth of twenty and child of ten,
Over the sea-beach, across the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glen.
The breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes from the shading hat's broad brim
With childish affection are raised to him.

Ten long years, and the mellow gloaming
Casts its glamour o'er glen and lea,
And gilds the sands where a maid is roaming,
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long years has that daily glory
Dawned and darkened o'er wood and grove,
Lighting the page of that lasting story,
That old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed those clasping hands,
And a rolling ocean divides the lands;
And the heart grew sad, and the eyes were dim,
Wearily watching, watching for him.

Ten years more, and the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore,
And the red light slants through the drooping willows,
And writes strange things on the green-sward floor.
But far from ingle, and glen, and heather,
From purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two as of yore together,
While heart answers heart, and hand clasps hand.
No more watching through heavy tears,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes with woman's deep love that brim
Through a life-long devotion are turned on him!

WIVES AND NO WIVES.

Once I thought I would go out West.

"Here I am!" said a bucket of water. And it hissed and sissed and whistled and steamed, and I began to go.

"Hum! bum! rattletebang!" went the wheels.

"Fuzz! buzz! luzz!" cried the engine. Then the smoke blew and the sparks flew; and when we stopped to take on or to put off we heard the church-bells ringing, and the katydids chaffering and interrupting each other like gossips over their tea-cups.

Thus the noise and hurry of a night express-train, and the peaceful, sleepy, country life for an instant blended in a kind of harmony, and then by contrast went wider and wider of each other than ever.

By-and-by the moon came up with a slice gone off the upper side, as though she had never got the better of her last eclipse, just in time to look at herself in the shining river—the river, which pretended in the light to be so placid and easily entreated, but was all the while stubborn of will and using secretly a mighty power to sweep every thing away and away into the ocean.

And now that the moon had come up to keep an eye on the world I felt I might drop it all off my mind. So I put down my bag and my water-proof and my head and shut my own eyes. But my ears were not shut by any manner of means; they were wide open as an owl's at midnight.

"Mum, mum, huddlety-buddlety, jing ming, clear the way! Here we come! Here we go!" These were all the sounds for a while, excepting the cooing of a pair of turtle-doves on their way to Niagara. And presently the head of turtle-dove the less drooped confidantly on the shoulder of turtle-dove the greater; and then every body was asleep but the moon, the engineer, and me.

But pretty soon something was the matter with the box of one of the wheels (I was sitting exactly over it so I ought to know), and there was a flurry of lanterns and oil-cans and men for a little season. Then "Scud! scud!" screamed the whistle, and off we went again. And now it was that kid really began to go, and the moon began to see something worth seeing.

Which was this: A person (namely *me*), comfortably settled for the night, after having secured the monopoly of a whole seat, voluntarily giving up half of it to a stranger. And I had my record before the night was over in witnessing a living romance a hundred times more absorbing than sleep, which is a commonplace affair to be had almost any night "by the poorest comer."

The woman who sat by me was elderly, with a sharp, handsome face, worn and marked with time and trouble. A man followed her into the car, and presently found a seat before us.

Directly he turned about to my seat-mate. "He is really your husband, you know, Mrs. Evans," said he, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice.

"He is *not!*" she replied, with sudden emphasis.

Instantly how wide awake I was!

"I beg you not to be hasty," continued the man, persuasively. "I do not pretend he did right in leaving you and his child for so many years without a word. And his second marriage is more inexcusable yet. But this second Mrs. Evans has been worse treated than you have, and if *she* will overlook her wrongs and permit him to leave her for you without making any trouble, it seems to me *you* may find it possible to forgive him; for the sake of your boy, if you would not for yourself."

"For the sake of my boy!" broke out Mrs. Evans, passionately. "A great gift such a father would be! I tell you, Mr. Crafts, every drop of blood in my body flies into motion thinking of such cowardly meanness and terrible wrong; and you may be perfectly sure I will never acknowledge or even see him. This is my final answer, and you may take it now."

The handsome face grew handsomer and more immovable at every word, and I wondered at the man's hardihood in persisting any farther; but he turned still more in his seat, with a determined and thoroughly business air, as though he had just so much to say, and should say it in any event.

All this time the man who occupied the seat before me with Mr. Crafts, was sitting leaned against the window, with his hat slouched over his eyes, apparently asleep in his corner, but in fact listening all over, as his whole attitude in some indescribable way showed. Mr. Crafts and Mrs. Evans were both too absorbed and too excited to notice him; and indeed I suppose he had as good right to listen to what was none of his business, as I had, if it was forced into his ears.

"But, Mrs. Evans," began Mr. Crafts again, "your husband is very penitent, and ready to make any promises you may require, and to submit to any conditions whatever, if you will only acknowledge him *as* your husband. The other woman will never intrude or interfere. You shall have what property you possess secured to yourself personally, and you can not ask any more humble confessions than he is willing to make. Besides, although he has showed lamentable and even criminal weakness in neglecting to send for or to you, yet I believe he was never really base at heart or intentionally a scoundrel. He kept hoping his business affairs would brighten, as he says, and was ashamed and discouraged about letting you know of his failures. So time passed along in this way until the woman beguiled him into a marriage, quite unconscious of what she was doing. Indeed, Mrs. Evans, your husband has apparently been more weak than wicked; and I do not think you show a Christian spirit of forgiveness in refusing to see him, at the very least."

"Mr. Crafts, I *have* no husband. He was lost to me twenty-one years ago, and I have no wish or intention of seeing or hearing any thing more respecting the creature who wears his name," returned Mrs. Evans, cold and immovable as Bunker Hill Monument.

As she spoke she rose, and just then, coming to a "Know-Nothing Station," we halted an instant, and she took the opportunity to pass into the next car. I never saw Mrs. Evans again, but the story did not end for me with her.

She was scarcely gone when a voice came from under the slouched hat in front of me. "Crafts are you going to let her go so?" it said, in a tone startling in its woe and despair.

"I can do nothing with her, Evans. I told you so before; and now you have heard her talk for yourself, and now can't you be satisfied?"

"You *won't* desert me now, Crafts. I don't care so much for her, but I want my boy," said the voice, in pathetic and agonized entreaty.

"I can do nothing more for you. You have sowed, and now you must reap. You hear what she says," repeated Mr. Crafts, in an indifferent manner.

"Then why did you tell me in the beginning she had left England with my boy, and say you would intercede for me? Why didn't you leave me with Marianna and my farm in peace? Marianna was kind and cheerful and made me comfortable enough, and I should have been contented and satisfied all my life if you had never come and told me Eugenia and my boy were living and on this side of the ocean; and then persuaded me I could come out into the world and take a place among men once more. Marianna has left me, and Eugenia will not come to me. You have lost me both my wives and taken my money besides. Marianna's boy is dead, and Eugenia's is lost to me. There is nothing for me in this life or the next," said the man, forlornly.

"Business is business," returned Mr. Crafts. "I must live as well as the next man, and you can not say but the bargain was fairly made, and the money fairly earned. You were to give me the farm outright, and in return I was to inform the second Mrs. Evans that she was not, and never had been, your legal wife; as well as to my best to bring about a reconciliation with the first Mrs. Evans—none of which was desirable work. I have closed up with Mrs. Evans the second, and made suitable and comfortable provision for her future; and I have tried my utmost with Mrs. Evans the first. But it is not my fault that she declines to have any thing to do with you. I did not engage to furnish a character for you; that was beyond my power, as well as not in the agreement. It is a pity about you, but I can do nothing more; and you must admit I have fulfilled all my engagements, and done all I promised, which it appears is more than you have always done."

The man seemed already too wretched to mind this cold-blooded thrust. He only crushed his hat lower on his forehead, and settled back in his seat, a living image of forsaken and hopeless desolation. So we whirled along past sleeping villages, over long reaches of open country, under the quiet stars, and at last into the great heart of a waking city, where he left the cars, disappearing from me in the gray morning among the crowd of men gathered about the station.

"To be weak," we need not the voice of the great archangel to tell us, "is to be miserable," even if the weakness does not lead us into crime. And this man, who had evidently been sinfully weak all the way, and who doubtless deserved the woe he had brought upon himself, I pitied with my whole heart.

CURVED LINES.

How remarkable it is that throughout the domain of Nature, in every vegetable and animal form, a curved outline is recognized. The margin of every leaf, the shaft of every tree—and, in fact, every internal individual organ—represents somewhere on its exterior a segment of a circle. There are no straight lines any where, inside or outside. All the vessels circulating fluids are round, or at least present curves of various diameters, although they may not at first view appear to be so. An exception is noticeable in what is called by anatomists the *longitudinal sinus*, which carries the blood out of the head that has been carried there by four arteries. It is nearly triangular, but its direction is the arc of a circle.

Sound moves in wavelets, which are convex on the outer surface; water, running in waves, assumes segments also of circles; the earth revolves on its axis, which is round; and the whole solar system moves with incomprehensible momentum round the sun. Still further, astronomers believe that the starry heavens, with all the celestial machinery of the milky way and nebulæ of undefined worlds, shining gloriously far beyond the boundaries of that most distant of all discovered planets of our system, Neptune, are coursing in a vast circle round a central point of universal attraction, which may be the throne of Deity—the God who created and controls the destiny of all.

REBEKAH THE SECOND.

Juliana Carhart was deep in love with Clarence Eckels. And Clarence Eckels was deep in love with the girl he chanced to be nearest at the moment. So by turns Juliana was gay and by turns she drooped.

Now Juliana had a mother, as we have all had at one blessed time or another; and this mother was a woman so full of plots and schemes that she ought to have been born a fox-trap or a bird-gin. In fact, she never enjoyed any thing that came to pass without managing; and the very flavor of her tea was vastly improved if drank by seeming chance, but really by deep-laid design, from her neighbor's cup.

Juliana Carhart and I had been to the same red school-house together, with our dinner-baskets on our arms and the multiplication-table in our heads, and I had known her all my days. Her, and her secret also, for she was transparent as a window-pane, and how she came by such a tricky mother, or how her mother came by such a guileless daughter, is more than I know. Though, as for that, Mrs. Carhart's manœuvrings were easy enough for any body to see through who had two eyes and a tolerably sharp nose.

So when I ran in one day to carry a basket of early roses (we at Meadows are always running in with flowers, for our gardens are the pride of our lives and the staple of our talk) and found Clarence Eckels playing chess with Juliana in the back-parlor, I saw as plainly as two and two why Mrs. Carhart was personally so delighted to see me, and why she should insist on taking me at once into her chamber to look at the beautiful effect of the sunlight after a shower on the deep green river and the green Canada shore beyond.

"You are so fond of pretty views, Jane, dear, I felt I must have you see this before it changed. You will excuse me, won't you, for taking you off so abruptly?" said the managing mother, throwing open the shutter, and putting a chair for me by the low window. "I wonder what that white spot can be! Do you make it out? Just in a direct line above that tug. It can't be a house, and it can't be cattle. It looks to me something like linen bleaching on the grass, if that were possible. Oh! by-the-way, did you ever hear me tell about my great-grandmother on my father's side, who came from England, and my great grandfather from Scotland? One from each side of the Tweed, so near they could see cloth whitening upon the opposite shore, as I have often heard my grandfather say; and yet so far that they never met until on this side the ocean. By-the-way" (every thing was by-the-way with Mrs. Carhart), "that would be a very romantic foundation for a story; suppose you take it, Janey?"

So she went on, bringing presently a heavily-bound volume containing an article written by the Dean of Canterbury, on "Murdering the Queen's English," and began to read from it various illustrations of the way we murder it. The woman knew my weakness as well as I do, and she knew I should inevitably drag forth Webster's Unabridged, to see if the reverend dean was right in all his autocratic innovations, and so should be safe until Clarence had seen Juliana's white eyelids rise and fall over her blue eyes, and her plump little fingers flutter over the board like white sea-birds, until he was nearly or quite at the point of insisting on buying the ring at once.

Indeed I did not distract his attention again at all, for after the fallible Dean and the infallible Daniel had lasted as long as they could, singly and collectively, and I exclaimed that I had no sort of idea that it was so late, and could really stay not a moment longer, she said,

"Oh, Janey, dear, you must see my verbena-bed, and help me decide whether to finish it in a circle or an oblong!"

So we went down the back stairs, and out at the garden-door, and straying on to look at a new variety of currant-bushes at the farther extreme of the garden, we found ourselves so near the stile which led directly across the green to my father's gate that it was by no means worth while to go back to the house.

"I will make your apologies to Clarence and Juliana, and take the blame of carrying you off so unceremoniously. Come again soon, dear, and I will promise not to monopolize you," said Mrs. Carhart, at the stile.

I wonder if she thought I didn't know she brought me that way on purpose that Clarence need not be drawn away from Juliana to walk home with me. The dear woman need not have taken the trouble so far as I was concerned; for I had refused Clarence once, and stood ready to do it again on the slightest provocation. However, I presume she did not feel as afraid of me as of Clarence himself. You know the old Italian proverb: "Do not disturb Camarina;" the turbid lake which once agitated was so long in coming quiet and clear again. But nothing came of the unbroken interview excepting a good many games of chess and a dainty supper of cream biscuits and strawberries, with a little vase of syringas and scarlet geraniums at each plate. Nothing more, only a silent, dreamy sweetness in Juliana's simple heart, and an impression on the mobile brain of Clarence that Juliana Carhart was as charming a girl as any in Meadows, which impression lasted until he saw Maude Simfrock down on her knees before a clump of white day-lilies making a cross to lay in the little dead hands of Mrs. Captain Pearlash's baby. Dear little baby Ruth who had gone to see her Heavenly Father before she had ever seen the face of her earthly father. Captain Pearlash's boat was expected that very day, and his first look at his only child must be through the coffin-lid.

No wonder tender-hearted Maude Simfrock covered the white lilies with her tears, weeping for the woe which was not hers. And no wonder Clarence Eckels, being made of just the elements he was, came and stood beside her, begging her not to cry, and pitying her a great deal more than he did the "empty arms" of the mother, while he thought Maude Simfrock, even when crying, more beautiful than other girls when laughing.

So he forgot that Juliana Carhart would sit in her bower (wherever that might be) waiting for him all the weary evening through, according to implied, though unspoken, promise, and instead of going to make Juliana blest as a brooded dovelet milord was reading Tennyson aloud in Mr. Simfrock's porch—

> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me."

It did come back though over and over to Juliana; thanks to the tireless heart and brain and hands of Juliana's mamma.

One of these blissful returns was in the twilight of a summer day, when Clarence and Juliana sat in the recessed doorway bound together by a chain of water-lilies which lay lightly over their two necks. The garland was long enough, so that at first the width of the doorway stretched between them, but lily by lily it was shortening until one lily less would bring them shoulder to shoulder; when who knew what next? Mrs. Carhart, sitting behind, just out of the draught, with her motherly eyes wide open, at this point stole away with such a rustle and flurry that there was no mistake about her going, and now there seemed nothing in the way of Juliana's passing into a state of perpetual blessedness.

But what "might have been" was not; for while Clarence Eckels's hand was on the next lily, the one whose absence from the wreath would annihilate distance between them, and while his whole nature was swaying toward the heart which loved him so true, a song floated out upon the deepening twilight from the open windows of the opposite house. Not a song but a hymn, as the listeners presently knew:

> "For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand
> Our friends are passing over;
> And just before the shining shore
> We may almost discover."

Clarence dropped his hand from the lily and turned his head to listen.

"Who is it, do you think?" he asked, after the singer was silent.

"It must be Mrs. Brand's friend, Miss Jeffrey, who came to-day; it is no voice I ever heard before," returned Juliana, feeling the band of lilies loosen on her shoulder, and conscious that the moment had gone, and the unwitting siren had lured the impressible heart into the whirlpool of indecision once more.

"She has a magnificent voice. Let's go over and call on her."

"Well," replied Juliana, who would have leaped into the river without hesitation if Clarence had asked her to go with him. So she tied on her little lace hood, much as though it had been "the black cap," and picking an exquisite bouquet of moss rose-buds for Miss Jeffrey—a sort of sop for Cerberus—she took Clarence's arm and walked across the street with feathers on her feet, but something like a heavy biscuit beating under her buff muslin gown.

And the buscuit grew no lighter when she saw that Miss Jeffrey added to the magnificent voice shining brown eyes, and heavy black hair with waves like the river in a southerly wind; that she was brilliant as a peony, and sweet as a violet; and that, from the first sight of her, Clarence was struck blind and deaf to the rest of womankind.

Miss Jeffrey staid for several weeks; and as every body always makes a party of some sort for any stranger who comes among us, we saw a great deal of her. Never too much, for she was like real lace—good to wear.

On the day of Mrs. Brand's party, which was a picnic on Crouse Island, Clarence Eckels followed Miss Jeffrey, as usual, as though he had been the tag of her boot-lacing; and Juliana Carhart went around like a nun forced to renounce the world while her heart is still in it; so that the "fellow-feeling toward a human being as such" made me try to cover her weakness as much as possible by devoting myself entirely to her. Little good it did, however; for Crouse Island, though ever so shady and picturesque, is hardly large enough for a good-sized swan's nest; and Juliana's pathetic face, like a tombstone at a tea-party, couldn't be hid in a corner. Happily it was quite lost on Clarence, as he was occupied in looking at Miss Jeffrey.

We were hardly home when Mrs. Carhart came in—ostensibly to bring me a slip of eclipse verbena, but really to ask me, with more frankness than I thought her capable of using, if I supposed Clarence Eckels and Miss Jeffrey were engaged, or likely to be.

"I have seen nothing which seems like it, Mrs. Carhart. Clarence is always very polite to strangers, you know," I replied, wise enough in my generation to say nothing which might be remembered against me in the uncertain future.

"That is true; but I have sometimes thought he was too easily attracted by new faces, and if Mrs. Brand has brought on her friend in order to take advantage of this peculiarity of his, I consider it very meddlesome and unladylike. A designing match-maker is a character I have no respect for," said Mrs. Carhart, with bitterness of emphasis.

"Oh, but I don't think it *at all!* Miss Jeffrey is a dear school-friend of Mrs. Brand, and it is quite natural she should invite her, and then that she should wish her visitor to enjoy the visit. Clarence is capital to help entertain company, and he is always asked every where, you know; but I haven't an idea Mrs. Brand thinks of interesting him particularly in Miss Jeffrey," I replied, jealous for the reputation of Mrs. Brand, who is my most particular friend.

But while I was yet speaking the blended voices of Clarence Eckels and Miss Jeffrey came over the clover-field which lay between Mrs. Brand's garden and ours.

One voice was so entirely the complement of the other that we could hardly analyze the harmony and distinguish between them. Together they made a melody so sweet and clear and delicious that one felt they should never be divided.

At this unfortunate commentary on my words Mrs. Carhart exclaimed, vehemently, "Those wretched people are breaking Juliana's heart, and I can not excuse Mrs. Brand for her part in it."

I couldn't tell her she was breaking my handsomest Japan lily with her foot as she spoke, and indeed I felt as sorry as I could feel for Juliana, who I knew was at home crying her silly eyes as red as Indian pinks. But there was nothing more to say, though I was sure as Gibraltar that Miss Jeffrey would not marry Clarence any more than the Queen of England will marry the Emperor of Madagascar, and that as soon as she was gone Juliana would have him to herself; unless, indeed, somebody else stepped into the troubled fountain before her.

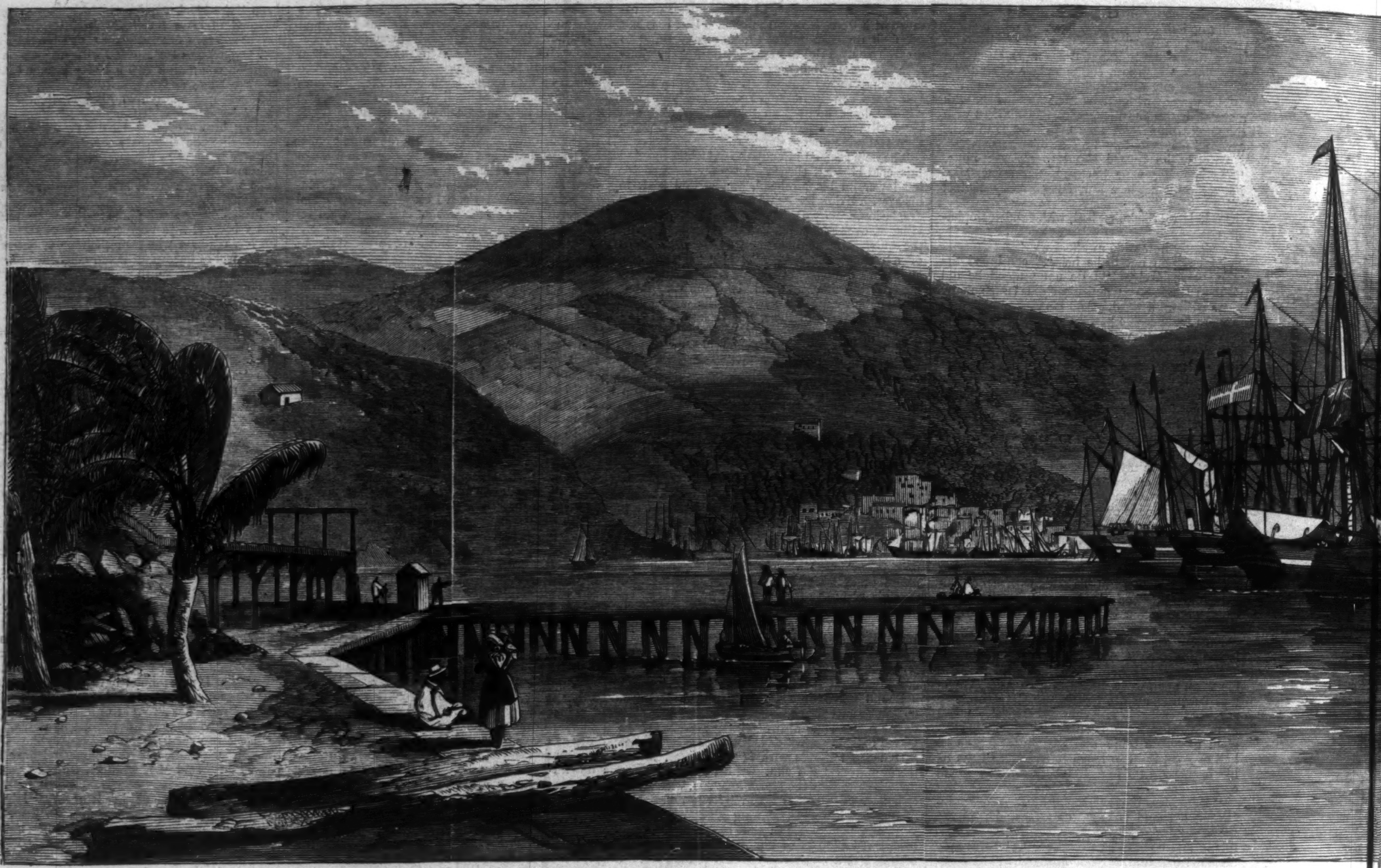
And so it was. I more than half suspect he offered himself to Miss Jeffrey, but as it turned out she had left her heart behind her. If she *hadn't* I promise you she wouldn't have married Clarence more than I would; though, as for that, there is no accounting for tastes or for girls.

However, September came and Miss Jeffrey went; and now Clarence sat again of moonlighted evenings in Mrs. Carhart's doorway (we have an idea at Meadows that houses were made to stay in when it rains, or when the thermometer is below zero); and Juliana's tender eyes brightened, while her mouth looked as though it would tell a secret to-morrow.

So I went on gathering my flower-seeds, thinking I could let *her* off my mind and give my whole thought to a wardrobe for Mrs. Brand's baby, when one day Juliana came in looking as though she had just heard she was a foundling and the child of a tramp. As I had seen her picking grapes not half an hour before with Clarence I inferred he had done something he ought not to have done, or failed to do something he ought to have done, even before Juliana, who was not a girl to keep one in suspense, broke out with "Oh, Jane, Clarence is going to California, and he has just been to tell me good-by!"

I knew by the despairing tone that he had told her nothing more, and I could have shaken him, for I know, nobody on the round earth would ever care for him as Juliana did, and that he would care for nobody more than he might for her if he would only give his undivided attention to the subject.

But not he! Off he went to California, and we didn't see him again for two years, while Juliana wiped her eyes suspiciously dry and tried to pretend there was nothing so interesting under the skies as pencils and crayons. And off *she* went to a school of design. Then I sup-



VIEW OF ST. THOMAS. WEST INDIES, LATELY PUR

posed Mrs. Carhart's tactics were at an end in their direction. But it seems I was mistaken, as I have been once or twice, and possibly three times before in my life.

One bright June morning, as this worthy follower of the mother of patriarchs was coming from the store where she had been for glass nest-eggs—to deceive the hens—whom should she meet but Clarence Eckels, brown as any sailor.

"It is Clarence Eckels as true as you live!" she cried, holding out the hand which was not filled with make-believe eggs, in right motherly welcome.

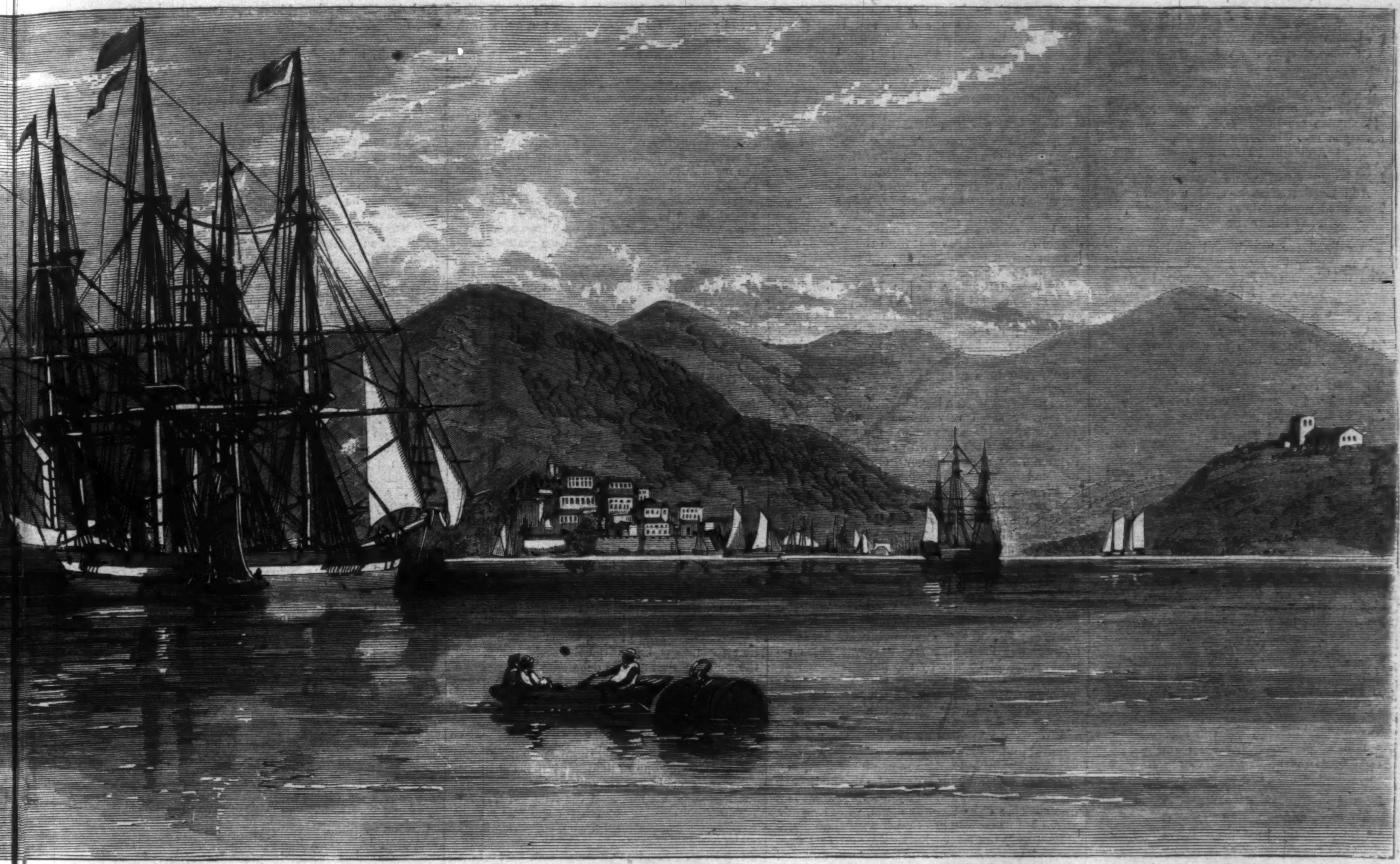
And, true to himself, Clarence thought he was gladder to see her than he could have been to see any body else.

"Your face is the first familiar one I have seen, Mrs. Carhart. I have just come, and am off again to-night, so I've no time to run about. I have to go directly to New York, to finish up some business, and then shall come back and take a little leisure," he said.

"Then you will lose Maude Simfrock's wedding to-morrow evening. What a pity! You would have such a good opportunity to see your old friends. I am so sorry!" returned Mrs. Carhart, sympathetically. (If it had been in the good old days of Sapphira tha
the end of her.) "Bu
to have fallen in with y
must just step in and e
ger-bread, with a plate
my beer, to put a home

So the fly walked int

SHOOTING BUFFALO FROM THE TRAINS OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 797.]



HASED BY THE UNITED STATES.—[See First Page]

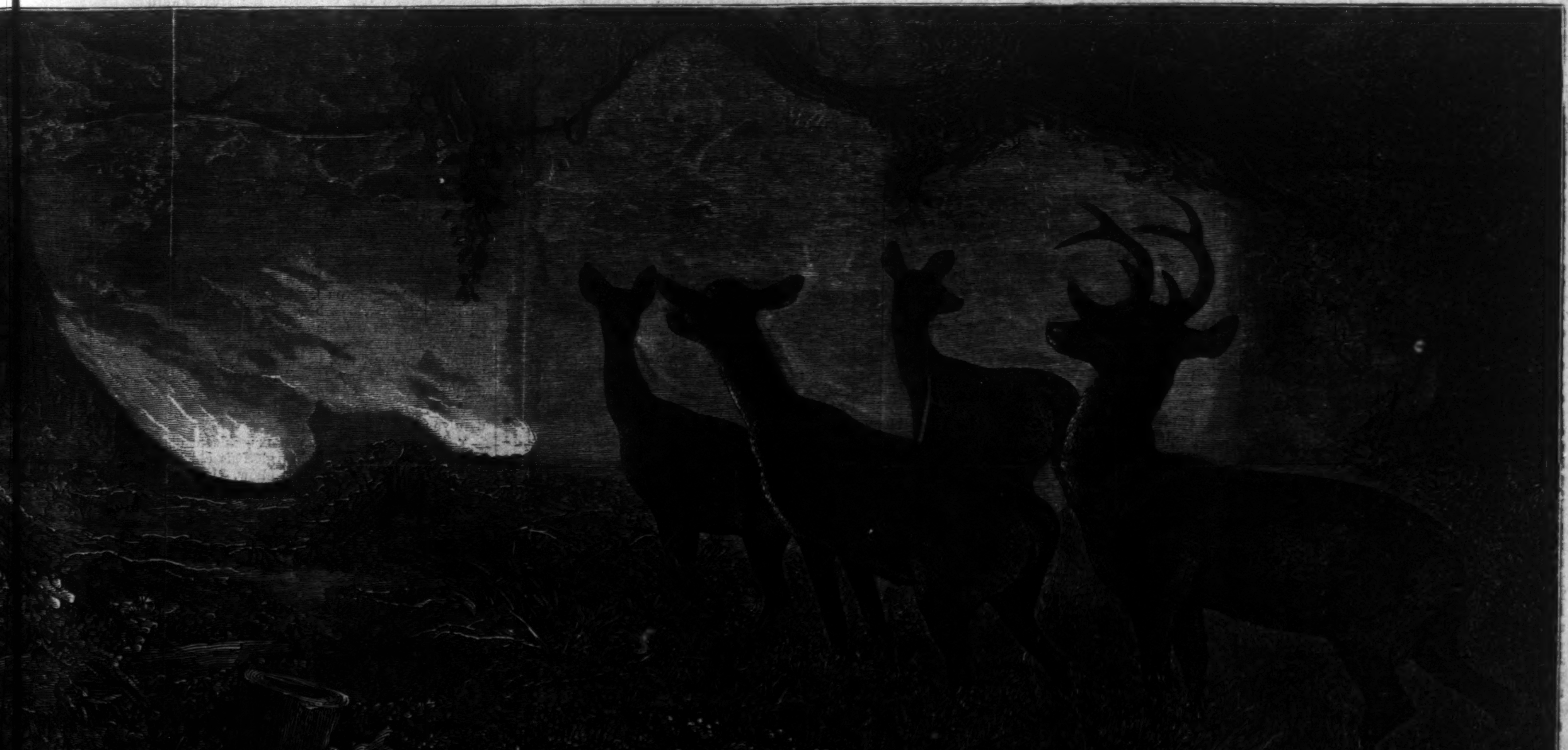
remark would have been
however, I am so glad
; and, by-the-way, you
slice of my warm gin-
cherries and a glass of
aste in your mouth."
the spider's parlor, and the spider prepared the "savory meat such as Isaac loved," while she "wove a subtle web in a little corner sly."

"By-the-way, if you will not be too busy while in New York I should be so glad to send a little package to Juliana. I hate to trouble you, but there are some things I don't like to express, and then it will seem so good to the poor child to see some one *right from home.*"

Of course Clarence, who was good-natured as the sun, was delighted to take the parcel; which consisted of whatever Mrs. Carhart could lay her eager hands upon: some cake, some spools of thread, an old daguerreotype, and a linen collar. But it made no difference what, a roll of brown paper would have answered every purpose. For sending him to see Juliana's glad smile and girlish ways while he was fresh to the first charm of meeting familiar faces, was the arrow that struck the heart of the oak. So when Clarence came home from New York Juliana came with him, wearing a heavy ring of California gold and a watch-guard of nuggets as big as Lima beans.

So they were married, and have ever since been happy as ducks in a mill-pond, ducklings and all.

Moral.—"*To make a Hare Pie:* First, catch your hare."



THE FIRE HUNT—METHOD OF SHOOTING DEER IN THE SOUTH.—[See First Page.]

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I PLACED you far above the throng
Of meaner clay, the vulgar crowd,
Because I thought your soul was strong,
And great, and proud.

I made your eyes my chosen chart,
To guide me through the bitter years;
I let you creep into my heart,
And still its fears.

I held your warm, white hands in mine,
And loved the quick, electric thrill
That fired my blood, as rosy wine
That bends the will.

You calmed my heart's prolonged unrest;
You thronged my soul with new desires;
You fed the hopes I then possessed
With fervid fires.

To summer seas and summer skies
Your warm, impassioned fancies lent
The charm that brings to woman's eyes
Profound content.

To violet days you gave the light
That passion-tempest never mars,
And to the purple plains of night
Perpetual stars.

Your presence haunted every place,
The wood, the mountain, and the stream;
And nightly, like a star, your face
Lit up my dream.

My subtle hope your future wrought
With genial skies and sunny ways;
The larger faith would light and thought
Your fading days.

But you have proved how more than vain
It is to trust to worldly things;
My transient bliss is whelmed by pain
That darkly stings.

I deemed you strong, but you are weak;
Proud once, but very paltry now;
The touch of shame is on your cheek
And on your brow.

You sought, but did not win success,
You fought the tawny fiend and lost;
Your soul was never made to press
Through fire and frost.

I loved you once; that love is changed
To hate, and Time can ne'er restore
Its faded light; we are estranged
For evermore.

A DISTRACTED HUSSAR.

"GUSSIE, darling, Sir Frederic Luttrell is here."

"Is he? Oh, how delightful! I shall go to him at once. You must excuse me, General Fraser, if you please, and allow Lily to finish the game with you. She plays very well." Out of the room bounced Miss Augusta Gaythrope, hurrying down stairs with a velocity which sorely jeopardized the most lovely neck fair maiden ever possessed. She had just been engaged in a realization of the most quietly humorous and delicious sketch that John Leech ever drew—"Playing eighteen to Frederick's love." Who does not remember it? In this case the blissful Frederick was a handsome cornet in the 10th Hussars, and the fair and amiable cousin playing eighteen to his love was the young lady who had just bounced out of the billiard-room at Gaythrope Hall. A handsome cornet was our blissful Frederick, the owner of the pre-Adamite name of Fraser, to which his sponsers, with whom he was personally unacquainted, had prefixed Archibald Henry. Archibald Henry Fraser, cornet, was not a man to be elbowed! The moment that Augusta ran out of the room the hussar laid down his cue and gazed out of the window. In this position he remained for three or four minutes without speaking, apparently forgetful of Lily Gaythrope's presence.

"I should like to sit upon that fellow's head and smother him," he observed, presently.

"General!" exclaimed Lily—he was always called general or field-marshal—"General!"

"I should like to do him an amount of grievous bodily harm that would have the effect of making him wretched for the term of his natural life."

"Field-Marshal, I am surprised to hear you talk in this way. Come and finish the game."

"I can not, Miss Gaythrope, I can not, indeed. I am upset—I am distracted—I am wretchedness incarnate—I am the most miserable creature unmarried—there are few married men more to be pitied than I am. But tell me, tell me, please, is this Sir Frederic a myth? is he a reality or is he merely a phantom called up every now and then to distract and make me jealous?"

"He is a most substantial myth, I assure you; six feet high, and quite as heavy as papa."

"And does your sister love him, Miss Gaythrope?"

"I believe she is very much attached to him, and that he dotes upon her."

Archibald Henry Fraser looked wild. He had loved with all the depth of passionate affection for months and months; and various little inexplicablenesses had all but convinced him that his love had found a home in the heart of her he worshiped.

"It's all up with me now. Oh, that I were a boy going to be flogged! Oh, that I were a scoundrel about to be hung! Oh, that I were any body but Archibald Fraser, writhing on the hooks of hopeless love! Miss Gaythrope, I must go—I must indeed. I shall go mad if I don't go!"

"You will not leave this room, General," replied Lily, locking the door, and barring all egress with her pretty person.

"I must! I must! I must! I am half-mad! Oh, do not plague me! do not thwart me! please unlock the door and let me go."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, General. Let me explain."

"No, no, no—I'm off—I'll leave this very day, and—" The rest of his speech was lost, for, placing one hand on the sill of the open window, he sprang out and deposited himself upon a flower-bed. He came down upon his side, smashing rose-trees, carnations, tulips, dahlias, and every thing that came within the range of his long, prostrate body. He was not hurt; the window was but a few feet from the ground, and he was only a bit shaken, though covered from head to foot with wet soil.

"I'll see the fellow, I will; I'll just have one look at his odious face before I bolt forever."

He walked half round the house, till he came to one of the bow-windows of the drawing-room. He looked in. He at once perceived a strange pair of arms and two unfamiliar legs. These were doubtless the property of Sir Frederic Luttrell, Bart., M.P. There was no seeing his face, as he sat upon a high-backed sofa, and was hidden by some very ample window-curtains. The distracted hussar gazed at the strange arms and unfamiliar legs, and with all his heart wished them a long attack of gout, cramp, and rheumatism! Augusta sat by the side of the lucky M.P., and the merry expression on her lovely face made her look, in the cornet's eyes, one million times lovelier than ever. Presently he shuddered and shook from crown to sole. What was happening? Augusta now stood before Sir Frederic; she leaned forward; a pair of arms encased in brown tweed were stretched out; Augusta inserted her glorious head and shoulders between the brown-tweed arms; the arms closed like the *tentacula* of a crab, and Augusta lowered her pretty face to that angle—oh, what an acute angle it was for the poor cornet!—at which no doubt it would be met by the hideous visage of the odious creature who sat before her. The unhappy cornet had no doubt whatever but that Augusta suffered herself to be tenderly embraced by him of the brown-tweed arms. There was not much doubt now of her affection for this any-thing-but-mythical personage. Augusta stood up again, fetched an album from the drawing-room table, and sat down by the high Tory gentleman on the sofa. (By-the-way, what is a low Tory? and by-the-way again, what sort of a crime is low treason?) She opened the album, turned over the leaves hurriedly, and at length stopped at the *carte* of a gentleman in uniform. Good gracious! she was showing the most ardent supporter of the new Reform Bill, the portrait of Archibald Henry Fraser! What on earth could be the meaning of this? The distracted hussar stared, and wondered, and stared. She got a magnifying-glass for the Conservative gentleman, and the cornet could see him place it before the *carte*. Was he trying to discover the defects in the features of the personage thus scrutinized? Was he endeavoring to see if the nasal organ of the hussar were hooked, in order that he might hang a satirical joke upon it? Augusta took out her pocket-handkerchief, and gently wiped the cornet's face. Then she wiped the magnifying glass, and then the enlightened politician on her left recommenced his scrutiny. Presently some leaves were turned over until the *carte* of Augusta herself was reached. This the brown-tweed arms raised from his lap, and undoubtedly pressed to his lips. The agony was gradually being piled unpleasantly high for our cavalry friend. Presently the leaves of the album were once more turned over, and a stoppage made before the *carte* of an apparently tall and handsome gentleman, whose face Archibald Fraser could not distinctly make out. The True-blue politician on the sofa treated this portrait lightly, flipping his fingers at it, and otherwise showing his small regard for the original; but Augusta—horror of horrors!—thrust aside his flippant fingers, bent down her lovely head, and actually kissed the abominable portrait. What could this imply? Why doubtless that the *carte* was that of Sir Frederic himself. This was too much altogether for the cavalry. He could stand and watch no longer. He rushed round to the hall-door, tore it open, slammed it, and flew up to his room. He seized his carpet-bag, and crammed into it every thing that happened to be within reach.

In went a massive pair of well-nailed shooting-boots, a box of shaving-soap, two clean dress-shirts rolled up in a ball, a bottle of ink, a white waistcoat, two towels which he mistook for handkerchiefs, a dress-coat, a box of tooth-powder the lid of which came off, a wet sponge, a hair-brush, a snuffer-tray, two white ties, another pair of boots, a water-bottle (happily empty), a boot-jack, a tumbler, and—well, now the bag was full, and this being the case the hussar concluded that he had packed every thing, and might therefore start for the train.

Having ineffectually tried to fasten the padlock with a latch-key, he seized the bag and bolted full speed down the slippery oaken staircase, rushed across the entrance-hall, and flew to the door.

Here he was met by Frank Gaythrope, Augusta's eldest brother.

"Halloa, Fraser! what on earth is the matter with you? Where the dickens are you going? Now don't tear at that handle as if you wanted to wrench it off. Leave it alone, or else turn it the right way."

"Why the deuce don't you open it for me? Don't you see that I want to go? Don't you see that I'm in a hurry?"

"Oh yes, General; I see all that. But I should particularly like to know the reason of this unceremonious departure. Now don't make such a noise. Fraser, leave that handle alone, confound you. Where on earth are you going with that carpet-bag, its mouth wide open, like your own? Now, I will not let you go." The cornet at this moment got the door open and was about to evaporate, when Frank seized him resolutely, and though the smaller man of the two forced him into the squire's study, and pushed him backward into a huge arm-chair.

"I wish to be off, Frank. What do you mean by stopping me in this way? I may go if I like: I'm my own master. I wish to catch a train, for I won't stay here. I'm half mad."

"Half! Excuse me if I think you are a miniature edition of Hanwell itself. Now, sit still, Fraser, or I'll throw a jug of water over you. Be quiet, man; be quiet, and loose that yawning carpet-bag."

"I will not loose it, and it doesn't yawn. It's my own; and if I choose to say it doesn't yawn I shall say so."

"Well, you *are* cracked, General, beyond doubt. Now please to explain the cause of this extraordinary conduct."

"I'm going to the station, Frank; so please to let go my carpet-bag, and get out of my way."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Give me that carpet-bag, and sit still. Let the bag go, man."

The hussar had no intention whatever of giving it up, and he clung to it with stout determination. The bag was his emblem of flight, and while he had it in his hand he believed that he was bound to start sooner or later. Frank wrenched it out of his grasp at last, pitched it into the middle of the room, and then, of course, smash went water-bottle and tumbler. Deprived of his symbol of flight, the distracted hussar sat helpless, like Samson without his locks. Then Frank Gaythrope said to him, "Now, General, don't you think you are a big fool?"

The cornet paused, but presently answered, "Well, I don't think I am"—a reply given in an argumentative kind of tone, which seemed to say that the hussar had dispassionately considered the subject; that he had debated and argued the matter; and, after an impartial summing up, had come to the sound conclusion that he was *not* a fool. Frank laughed, for the tone amused him.

If Archibald Henry Fraser were really a fool, it was love that had made him don the cap and bells. He was one of the most impulsive fellows alive, and could take nothing quietly—except perhaps a nap. His love for Augusta was unfathomable, and no wonder, for she was a most fascinating, lovable beauty, who had always treated with singular favor the handsome cornet, who adored her. She was only eighteen, fair, bright-eyed, and merry—well formed, well grown, well favored. She was altogether enough to upset a brigade, squadron, or troop, let alone a single cornet. Our worthy friend could only love her in under-tones, so to say, for he was a younger son, and she was one of five. The old squire, however, loved him; Mrs. Gaythrope loved him; and if it were possible for any younger son—for any member of the vast army of Ineligibles—to win Miss Gussie, that one was A. H. Fraser.

The events of this morning had utterly distracted our military friend. He did not stay to argue or reflect, but he went head first into a sea of most horrible fears full of breakers and quicksands, of rivalry and jealousy; and the idea that Gussie was in love with Sir Frederic Luttrell drove him wild. He, however, pronounced himself no fool, and Frank Gaythrope laughed at him.

"Oh yes! A cold-blooded muff like you can laugh, and think it a tearing good joke to find a fellow in my present state. Give me that bag and let me go. I've half a mind to batter that fellow's head to dust. He kissed her; I'm certain he did. I'll smother him. She let him kiss her; she let that hideous—"

"Whom are you talking about, madman?"

"Sir Frederic Luttrell, of course; the fellow that— Oh yes; you may grin. Only please go outside to grin, or I shall fancy myself in the monkey-house at the Zoos." Then there came the sounds of Augusta's merry, sweet laugh, and these finding their way to the poor cornet's ears distracted him ten times more than ever. He leaned back in the chair, his face assuming an expression of intense pain and wretchedness; he hid his face in his hands and sobbed till even Frank was moved.

"My dear Fraser, my dear fellow, do not distress yourself in this way. Sit up, man; sit up and do not sigh and sob in that piteous way. Here comes Augusta. Sit up, General; do, that's a good fellow. Gussie, come here a minute."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the beauty.

"Behold poor Fraser half killed with the idea that you are in love with Sir Frederic Luttrell. He's not shamming; he's not, indeed."

Gussie soon saw this, so she came beside the poor fellow, whose love for herself she had long since been aware of, and essayed to comfort him. The situation was somewhat embarrassing for her, inasmuch as Frank's speech, delivered in the General's presence, had plainly told her that the General was jealous.

"It's no use you attempting to comfort me, Miss Gussie," said Archibald Henry, taking hold of one of the beauty's wee white hands. "I have gone half-cracked over you a score of times this last year, because I have been so awfully in love with you, and now—now I have just discovered that—that—"

"What have you discovered, Mr. Fraser?"

"Well—" He paused, for he dared not confess what he had seen take place over the album. "Tell me, Miss Gussie, do you really love that Sir Frederic Luttrell? Don't be shocked. My question is an awfully indelicate one, I know, but I can't help asking it. A man in love is fearfully exacting; and moreover, he'll take any fence in the world, if he thinks he'll be all the better for being on the other side of it. Oh! my dearest, dearest Augusta—my darling, darling Gussie, if—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Fraser; and please don't hold my hand as if you wished to smash every finger."

"Do answer me; do tell me if you love him?"

"I do, certainly."

"Enough, enough—I'm off. Where's my bag? Where the deuce has Frank put my bag? I'll go without it. Good-by, Miss Gussie, good-by. I shall love you as long as I live; ay, and even when I go to—to—good-by."

"Do not be foolish, General. Let me speak half a dozen words to you."

"No, no—you love him. You could not say more if you went through Johnson's Dictionary from A to Z." And the gallant fellow got up in a state of bewildered excitement and rushed out of the room. As he crossed the hall the drawing-room door was opened, and he heard somebody say, "Well, Gaythrope, when am I to see this charming Mr. Fraser that you are all so fond of?"

The voice was a strange one; it could be none other than that appertaining to the distinguished Ministerial supporter—to the owner of the brown-tweed arms, and the unfamiliar unmentionables. The General paused.

"I'll go to him, I will. I'll see the fellow before I bolt; he's only a man—and a fool into the bargain, perhaps."

"Halloa, General Fraser. The very man I want," said the old squire, coming into the hall. "I want you to come and make the acquaintance of Sir Frederic Luttrell."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Gaythrope, that I have no very great desire to make his acquaintance. If you'll excuse me—"

"Why, whatever do you mean, General? What has come to you all of a sudden?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing. I'll follow you with pleasure. I—I should like to know him v—very much."

So the cornet accompanied Mr. Gaythrope into the drawing-room.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fraser."

"I am sure it is very good of you to say so, Sir Frederic."

"I couldn't leave the house without exchanging a few words with a gentleman of whom every body at Gaythrope appears to entertain a most flatteringly high opinion. Miss Gussie showed me your *carte* a little while ago, and it struck me that she was rather proud of her acquaintance with the original."

"Proud?" The hussar smiled, stroked his mustache, and ahem'd, presently observing, "Well, Sir Frederic, I hope there's not much about this humble cornet to be ashamed of!"

"Why, you're a funny fellow this morning, Fraser," observed the squire.

"I assure you, Mr. Gaythrope, I've been feeling any thing but funny this last hour."

Verily, he spoke the truth. But what think you, most excellent reader, was the General's opinion of Sir Frederic Luttrell? He pronounced him the finest old gentleman he had ever seen—a fine, tall, handsome, aristocratic, courtly man, a year or two on the Heavenward side of SEVENTY!

After some further conversation, Sir Frederic said: "Well, Mr. Fraser, the squire tells me he thinks you have lost your heart to my god-daughter, Gussie. I wonder whether she has repaired your loss by the gift of her own?"

The General looked at Sir Frederic a minute, and then said: "I'll let you know in two minutes," and he bolted out of the room, leaving every body in a roar of laughter. In and out of half a dozen doors until at last he found Augusta.

"Oh! you darling, sweet, beautiful angel. I have found you at last!" he exclaimed, feeling twenty times more distracted than when he thought he had lost her. "I have seen him; and a glorious old fellow he is, too. He knows I adore you; and you know it, too, don't you? Oh! you darling, superb angel, it's all right now. No, don't try to wriggle away. Do—do tell me that you love me. My darling Gussie, you must tell me, and now, too, because I have a particular reason. Do say 'Yes,' my ducksy-diddleum!"

"What am I to say 'Yes' to? General, how dare you kiss my hand, Sir!"

"Because I love you, you magnificent queen of beauty! May I tell that glorious old fellow you love me? He is dying to know. He is really. May I?"

"Well, I suppose you may. Oh! don't be so rough, you great Hussar bear. If you must kiss me—and really I do not see the necessity—can not you do it Light Cavalry fashion? You're not a Heavy!" Off he rushed to the drawing-room.

"Got it over, Sir Frederic—got it over, Mr. Gaythrope! Gussie loves me to distraction!"

How every body roared!

"And how about endowing her with all your worldly goods, General?"

"Oh! bother take that, Mr. Gaythrope. Don't talk about the unpleasant part of the affair. The money is sure to turn up from somewhere. I shall write to my godmother and tell her she must pay for the distinction to which my birth elevated her. What is the use of a godmother if she does not come down with something handsome at a time when a fellow is awfully in want of a little sponsorial assistance? She never looked after my morals."

"Because you never had any!" suggested Frank.

"Well, the money-matters are all right, Fraser, I am glad to say. I heard from Lady Downfal yesterday, and she wrote: 'Tell my godson that if he thinks a check for £5000 worth having he had better come and fetch it. I can not tell you how pleased I am to think that he has a good chance of winning dear Gussie's affections.' What say you to that, General Fraser?"

"Well, I really think that the least I can do will be to fetch the check!"

"Exactly so; but you don't fancy that Gussie can live comfortably on half a cornetcy, with the magnificent addition of your allowance and the Downfal gift?"

"Well, Mr. Gaythrope, if Sir Frederic Luttrell will excuse me making a small observation, I would say that, inasmuch as it was entirely his fault that I proposed to Gussie three minutes ago, why—"

The venerable Conservative Progressionist in the tweed coat smiled, and said, "Well, Mr. Fraser, you have got me there, I confess; but I'll be even with you. Suppose you take this piece of green paper to Miss Gussie, with my love, and tell her that Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, of St. James Street will give her £10,000 for it with pleasure."

Archibald Henry took the check, and shook the old gentleman most warmly by the hand, presently saying, "Well, Sir Frederic, you *are* a godfather! Cornet and Mrs. Fraser, 10th hussars, thank you with all their hearts," and he turned to fly out of the room to Augusta.

"Stop a minute, General," said Frank; "shall I tell Thomas to take your carpet-bag to your room and unpack it?"

"Yes, Frank, do, please—no, no, stop, don't. Thomas may carry it up stairs, but, all things considered, it would perhaps be as well if I unpacked it myself!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A most terrible and fatal kerosene-lamp explosion recently occurred in St. Paul, Minnesota. It is well that the details of such accidents, which have become fearfully common, be made public as possible as a warning to others. All who use kerosene oil should understand and realize that the first principle of safety is to burn only the *pure* article—the cheap mixtures which are palmed off upon the public are often exceedingly dangerous. In the second place, every individual who ever has occasion to touch a kerosene lamp, or to use kerosene in any way, should know something of its nature—at least so much as to refrain from blowing down the chimney of the lamp to extinguish it, from filling it or putting it in order in any way when lighted, from setting a can of oil on a hot stove, or near a fire, and from pouring the fluid over wood to hasten the kindling of a fire. Accidents may occur in other ways, but the means above mentioned should never be adopted except when the special object is to blow up the lamp, or to produce an explosion of some kind.

The explosion already referred to was caused by a servant attempting to trim a lighted kerosene-lamp. The servant herself and the entire room were almost instantly wrapped in flames, caused by the sudden explosion. Those who attempted to extinguish the fire were severely injured, and the unfortunate servant-girl died soon after from the effects of the burns she received.

The shocking nitro-glycerine explosion which took place at Bergen Hill last week, and which caused the death of nine persons, was the result of gross carelessness, ignorance, or fool-hardiness. There was a can of damp glycerine, and the drying process by ordinary means becoming tedious, one of the men thrust a red-hot poker into the explosive material. Poor fellow! he was absolutely blown into fragments in an instant. The building was scattered in all directions, and eight other persons, some in the building, and some without, were killed.

Speaking of explosions reminds us of a very uncomfortable theory which a well-known astronomer has suggested. Probably the idea never would have occurred to him if there had not been such a succession of boiler explosions during the past few months. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces A volcanic eruption under the sea, it is said, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam-boiler, by letting the water in upon the central fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careening through space, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries in other parts of the planetary system.

An elm-tree was lately cut down, in Ohio, which is said to be 792 years old If its age is rightly fixed, it dates from the year 1075, or only nine years after the Norman invasion of England; and it was 417 years old when Columbus discovered America. Near Lake Otsego there stands, it is said, a tree known as the "Silent Pine," which has the credit of being one thousand years old.

Report says that Dickens receives an average of fifty letters a day, soliciting his autograph, and that he is thinking of employing a secretary for the sole purpose of writing his name.

An amusing case of uncertain identity was recently developed in Worcester. A woman with two children claimed a certain Englishman by the name of Brown to be her husband. Brown declared he had never seen the woman before She said she married him in England eight years ago. He asserted that he was never married in England at all, but was married a year ago in this country to his wife, who was with him The woman said he came to America four years ago. The man said he came seven years ago. Mrs. Brown No. 1 stated that her husband had a certain mark on his body. The mark was found, but whether it was *the* mark, or only *a* mark was uncertain. The interview between the two wives was described as pathetic.

A chivalrous Kentucky gentleman, under *spirituous* influence, attempted to kiss a couple of young ladies. They declined the honor; he persisted; they retreated into an inner room; he followed; he got his leg through the door, but they fastened it there by pressure against the door, and procuring a saw, amputated the leg below the knee. This is said to be a fact, but query—was it a wooden leg, or one of flesh and bone?

It is generally conceded that it is wise to hear both sides of a question—if it is at all questionable—before deciding an important subject. We think also that it is highly desirable to read *both sides* of a newspaper—*all* sides, perhaps we should say, before grounding our faith on any one statement. For example, not long ago one of our daily journals, in commenting upon some scientific meetings recently held in this city, remarked: "It is one thing to hold meetings of this character in Boston, where there is a large audience always ready to turn out on the slightest intimation that there is something abstruse to listen to, but it is quite another matter to waken an interest in New York in any thing philosophical or scientific. If Faraday himself were to come to New York—at which the Scotchman might say he can't, being dead—it would be long before he would collect an audience that would pay the rent of his lecture-room, and even then those who came to see the brilliant experiment would go away as soon as he began to draw deductions."

Turning the newspaper over, we read as follows: "Professor R. Ogden Doremus delivered the opening lecture of a series by distinguished speakers, in the lecture-room of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The lecture, the subject of which was "The Creation," was illustrated by brilliant chemical experiments, and attracted such a multitude that no foot of standing-room was unoccupied."

People grumble nowadays at our hydra-headed system of taxation. Well, it is a vexatious evil; every body will rejoice when it is so modified as to be less annoying, and still more when the necessity for so much taxation ceases. But after all we are by no means so badly off as many nations have been. At the commencement of the Christian Era the Roman provinces were cruelly taxed. "These provinces," remarked a recent lecturer in this city, "were called tributary since they did little else than contribute to the already plethoric treasury of the luxurious Roman capital. Every thing in a Roman province was taxed. Every article exported paid for the privilege of going out. Every article imported paid for the privilege of coming in. Every article sold paid a tax of one per cent. of the purchase-money; every slave, twice that amount. To manumit him cost the owner five per cent. additional. Every house paid one tax, every door in it another, every column which adorned it a third. Every man of property paid for its peaceable possession a tax ranging sometimes as high as twelve per cent. Every poor man paid for the privilege of living a tax practically determined by the greed of the gatherer and the poverty of the victim. And finally, every old bachelor paid a special tax for the privilege of his independence."

A paper was lately read before a Medical Society in England containing evidence to prove that the form of nervous blindness known by the name of amaurosis is frequently produced by excess in tobacco smoking. The subject was recommended to the serious attention of the profession.

Many foolish things are done every day by persons who think themselves wise. Perhaps no follies are more common than these: To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that if exercise is good the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

It is curious to study the origin of words, and see how new ones are coined from year to year and introduced into our language. A new word is easily started in life, if it be only appropriate. When the first schooner ever built, on the coast of Massachusetts, slid from her stocks and floated gracefully upon the water the chance exclamation of an admiring by-stander, "Oh, how she *scoons!*" drew from her contriver and builder the answer, "A *scooner* let her be, then," and made a new English word.

Last summer an agriculturist living "down East" required several reapers. A number offered themselves, and all were engaged with the exception of one—a small Irishman.

"Master, won't you hire me?" inquired the man.

"No," said the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman; "does your Honor reap your grain at the top?"

What could the farmer do but roar with laughter and send the little man to join his comrades in the field?

Mrs. Jemima Jipson—of course every body knows Mrs. Jipson—has recently made some discoveries. The enthusiasm with which those most nearly concerned in the matter received the news will be encouraging to those engaged in similar investigations. Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not there, but her search had been bootless. At last one night she espied, or thought she did, which is all the same, the long looked-for boots and legs.

"Oh, Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson! there's a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled the husband. "Well, I'm glad you've found him, my dear, for you've been looking for him for the last twenty years."

Some years ago an old English judge, who sometimes took a drop too much, stopped one night at a hotel, where he sat up late and imbibed as usual. An hour after going to bed he awoke, and, to his horror, saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of the bed. Judge dodged back; robber dodged back. Judge peeped; robber peeped. Judge put his hand under pillow, drew out a revolver, and fired—through a looking-glass, the trade-price of which was an even £10! The robber did not again appear; the judge, it is said, never alluded to the matter, but somehow it leaked out.

Truly this is an age of wonderful inventions. A telescope for the examination of objects situated under water is said to have been devised in Paris, and to have been tested in one of the French canals. It is reputed to have enabled the observers to see pencil-marks distinctly at a depth of more than five feet. Its practical application will be to the examination of the hulls of ships without placing them "in dock," If this telescope can be used on dry land we wish one immediately to assist us in reading some of the manuscripts that are submitted to us for publication.

The Emperor of Russia while traveling in France patronized on several occasions a small cigar shop. One day he happened to look at some of the cigar cases, which the tobacco-vendor informed him were of Russian leather. "I do not think so; you are mistaken." "Oh, Sir, I am quite sure." "Well, I am a Russian, and I am pretty well acquainted with the productions of my country. I will send you some real Russia leather, and you will see the difference." Then, turning to a chamberlain *incognito*, the Czar said, "Take down the name and address of this gentleman." The tobacco-seller fancied he was speaking to some great Russian merchant. Imagine his amazement when he discovered he had been for some days selling cigars to an emperor unawares.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The best Shares of any—Plow-shares.

Why is a lovely creature practicing archery typical of love?—Because she draws her bow (beau) toward her.

INSIDE THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF A DAILY PAPER.

Foreman of the Office. "Jones, what are you at now?"

Compositor. "I'm setting 'A House on Fire,' almost done."

"What is Smith about?"

"He's engaged on 'A Horrid Murder.'"

"Finish it as quickly as possible."

"Bob, what are you trying to get up?"

"'A Panic in the Money Market.'"

"Thomas, what are you distributing?"

"'Prizes in the Lottery.'"

"Stop that and take hold of 'A Runaway Horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been doing this last half hour?"

"Justifying the 'Compromise Measure' my sub set up."

Compositor. "How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'"

Foreman. "Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"

"Shall I lead these 'Men of Boston?'"

"No; they are solid, of course."

Compositor. "Do you want a full-faced head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'"

Foreman. "No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital Joke?'"

"No, Sir; I'm out of sorts."

"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it I'll give you some more."

Editor. "What do you want now?"

Deviljoe. "More copy, Sir."

"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'"

"Yes, Sir, and I have just set up 'A Warm Winter.'"

True.—Those that speak falsehoods should live in a house of many storys!

TO CURE FITS.

For a fit of passion, walk in the open air.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticking of a clock.

For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the work-house.

For a fit of ambition, go into a church-yard and read the grave-stones.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted.

"Well, Jim, how did you make it down South?" "First-rate; made plenty of money." "What did you do with it?" "Laid it out in houses and lots." "Where?" "Every place I have been where there were any." "What kind of houses and lots?" "Coffee-houses and lots of whisky."

In the criminal court in Newport, Kentucky, the other day, when they were engaged in making up a jury for the trial of a felony, and the regular panel had been exhausted, the sheriff went into the street and brought in a rather bewildered-looking customer, who was sworn to answer questions. The usual question was asked, and the following colloquy ensued:

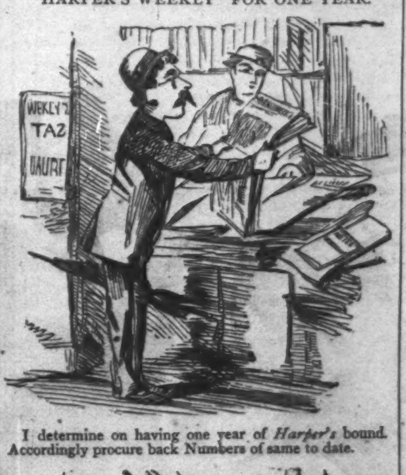
Commonwealth's Attorney. "Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

Juror (*hesitatingly*). "I've no farm, Sir; but I've an express wagon."

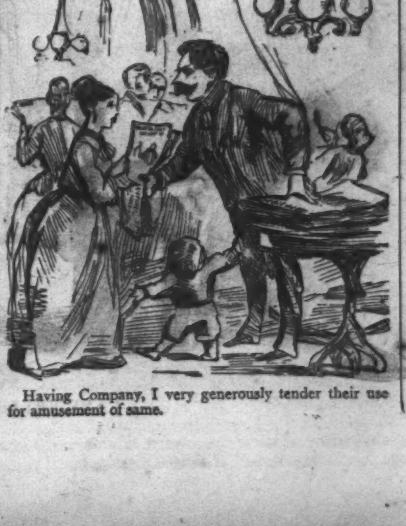
Attorney. "If the Court please, I think this juror should be excused."

He was excused.

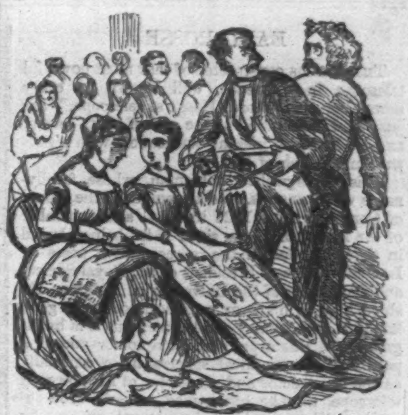
SHOWING HOW I SUCCEEDED IN SAVING "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR ONE YEAR.



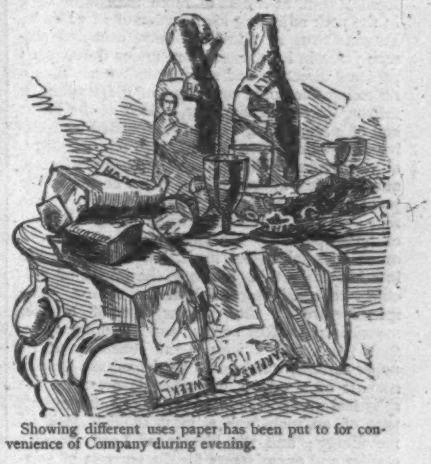
I determine on having one year of *Harper's* bound. Accordingly procure back Numbers of same to date.



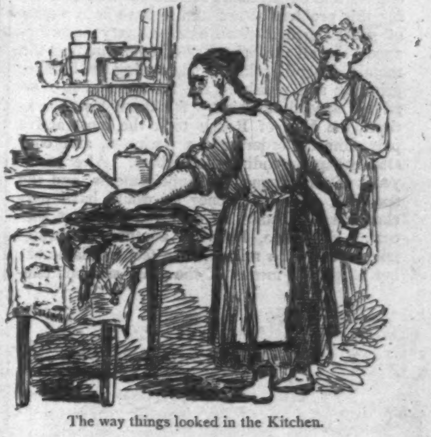
Having Company, I very generously tender their use for amusement of same.



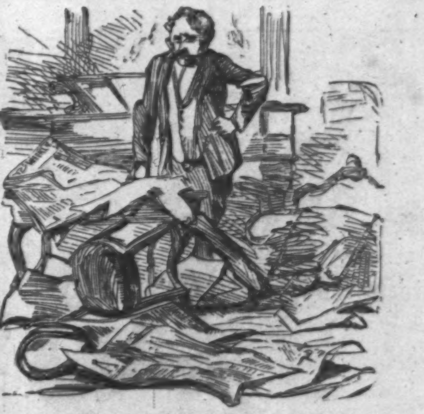
Party makes them generally useful.



Showing different uses paper has been put to for convenience of Company during evening.



The way things looked in the Kitchen.



The way things looked in the Parlor.

WISE SAYINGS.

An egg to-day is worth more than a hen to-morrow.

He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.

The worst wheel of a cart makes the most noise.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Scarlet silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

What makes the "Eternal City" an eternal abomination to delicate nostrils?—Its a-Roma.

"Betsey, get up, and get me something to eat."

"Why, John, there's nothing cooked."

"Well, get up and cook something."

"There's nothing to cook."

"Nothing at all?"

"No."

"Well, get up, and get a clean knife and fork—I'll go through the motions anyhow."

A Brooklyn Presbyterian who has great faith in catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting a youngster of four through a course one day, when the question came up:

"Who tempted Eve?"

The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence, exclaimed:

"It's the gentleman who lives in hell, but I've forgotten his name."

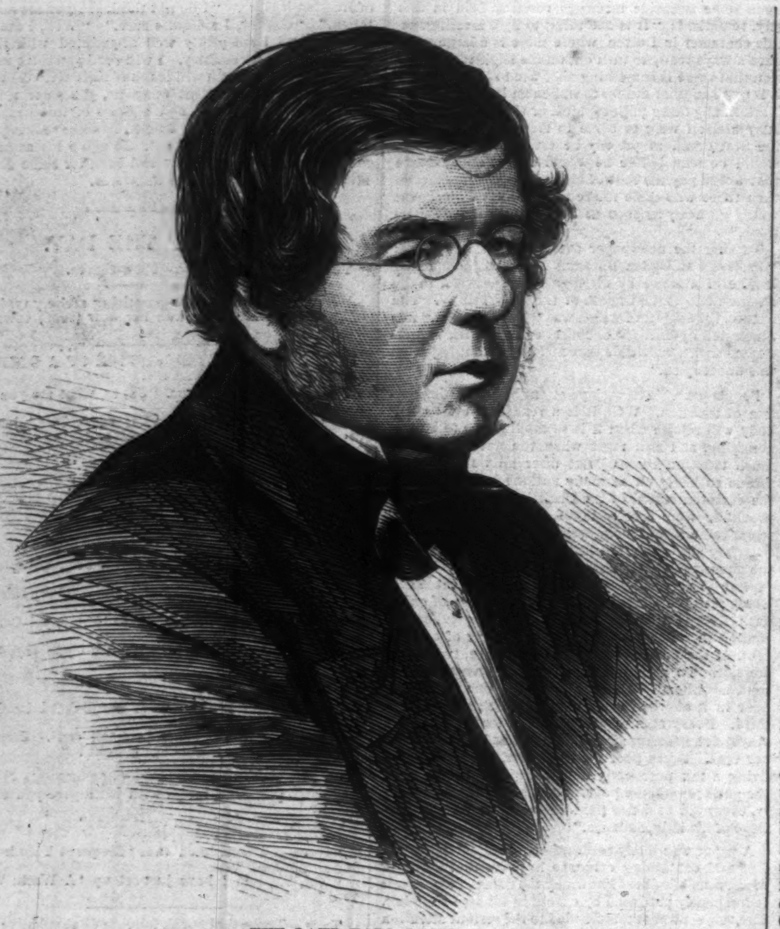
"The Best Substitute for Silver"—Gold.

The destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. Suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

EARL ROSSE.

THE famous constructor of that most powerful telescope in existence, well known to every school-boy as "Lord ROSSE's telescope," has just died in England at the age of sixty-seven; and we herewith present our readers with a portrait and sketch of him.

This distinguished nobleman, whose family-name was PARSONS, was a member of the House of Commons from 1821 to 1834, and a member of the House of Lords since 1845, being elected in that year one of the representative peers of Ireland. He was President of the Royal Society and Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He stood high in his own neighborhood as a good landlord and country gentleman; but it is by his great merits as a practical astronomer and as a patron of astronomical science, more especially as the constructor and proprietor of his powerful telescope, that he has gained a world-wide renown. The matchless instrument erected by Lord ROSSE, at a cost of more than $100,000, in the park adjoining his mansion of Birr Castle, Parsonstown, in King's County, occupied sixteen years in its construction, under the owner's personal direction and superintendence. It is a reflecting telescope, consisting of a speculum or mirror, six feet in diameter, placed at the lower end of a huge tube, which is suspended to massive scaffolding, between piers of solid masonry, about fifty feet high, with step-ladders, platforms, and galleries, affording convenient access to the point of observation near the upper end of the tube; as the astronomer, while using this kind of telescope, does not look toward the star or other celestial object itself, but looks into the interior of the tube, and sees the image of that object reflected upward from the mirror. The manufacture of the circular disc of bronze, measuring six feet across, and weighing about four tons, with a very slight concavity of its upper surface, which must be shaped not exactly as part of a sphere, but must depart from the spherical proportions only to the ten-thousandth part of an inch, was a most difficult task of metallurgy; and the history of Lord ROSSE's studies and experiments for the purpose of solving this problem shows him to have been a man of great ingenuity and extraordinary perseverance. In all the processes of compounding the metals, designing the mould, casting the bronze, grinding and polishing the mirror, and in contriving special machinery for these last operations, the Earl of ROSSE took the most active part, himself ordering the workmen, and constantly superintending their labors. After many years of toil, frequent disappointments, and the spending as much money as would have purchased a fine estate, he achieved a perfect success. He made, likewise, another reflecting-telescope, with a mirror three feet in diameter; but it was by means of the great six-foot telescope that he was enabled to carry out a series of observations of the remotest star-clusters or nebulæ, reported by him to the Royal Society in 1861, and published in their "Philosophical Transactions." The general reader will find, however, in Mr. G. F. CHAMBERS's compendious volume of "Descriptive Astronomy" an account of the most important of these observations, beautifully illustrated by a set of wood-engravings which show the appearance of each nebular group as viewed by Lord ROSSE, compared with the imperfect view of it previously obtained by Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. The difference is particularly striking in the case of the so-called "crab" nebula in the constellation Taurus, and in that of the "dumb-bell" nebula in Vulpecula, while the discovery of the spiral or whirlpool nebulæ is acknowledged to belong to Lord ROSSE. It is probable that these observations may lead to the explanation of some of the most interesting questions relating to the constitution of the starry heavens.



THE LATE EARL ROSSE.

Lord ROSSE is succeeded by his eldest son, hitherto known as Lord OXMANTOWN, who was born in 1840.

"AU REVOIR, CHARLES DICKENS."

THE farewell blessings which have been bestowed on CHARLES DICKENS on his departure from England have been only less warm and affectionate than our greetings of welcome on this side of the water. Almost all the English papers have had a kind word at parting, and have wished him "God-speed" and a pleasant voyage. "Mr. CHARLES DICKENS," says the London *Review*, sketching the man in an *apropos* biography, "now sailing on the seas which divide America from England—with the avowed purpose of 'laying down a third cable' between the old mother land and the vigorous race which has sprung from her—but ere this time often to be seen walking the Strand, or more vigorously that Kentish road which leads to Rochester—is a small, compact, well-built man, with a remarkable face; handsome, intellectual, and lined with thought, surmounted with hair once richly abundant, but now thin and wiry, and surrounded with beard and mustache which tell of hard work and much outdoor progress in all sorts of weathers. That man is the best known of all English authors; is a power in England, in America, and in Europe; has been able to mould the thoughts of thousands of his countrymen; and has by successive and fortunate endeavor won a name with his countrymen nearly as much known as that of SHAKSPEARE."

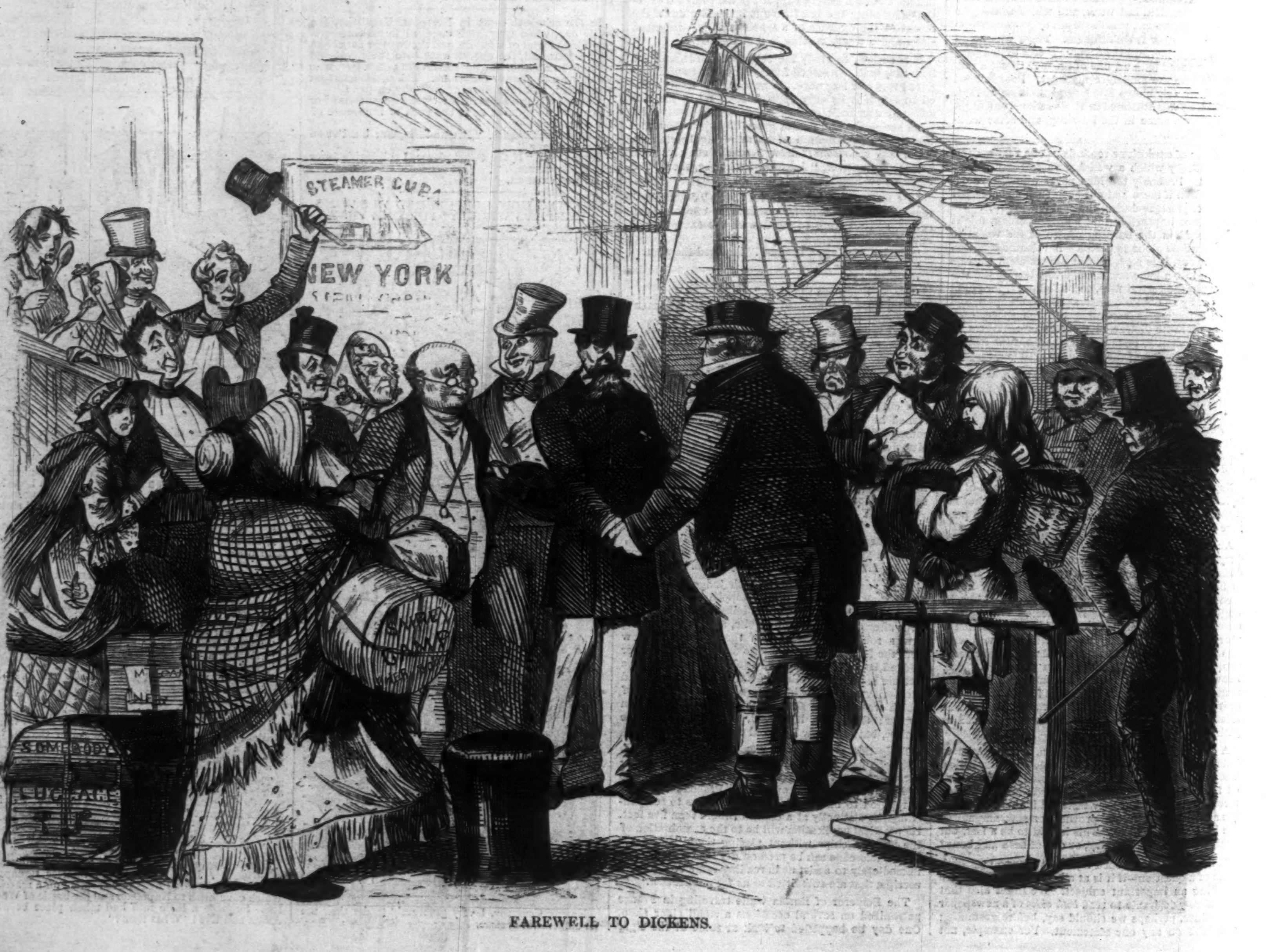
Among the best things said and done, however, is to be found in the new London comic, *Judy*. It consists of a full-page cartoon, in which Mr. DICKENS is represented as about to embark, and the characters which he has created have gathered about him to say farewell. We reproduce this cartoon on this page as of especial interest at this moment. Mr. DICKENS is seen shaking hands with John Bull. Near him on his right Mr. Pickwick is advancing, while Mr. Micawber stands near by ready prepared with a high-sounding eulogium on his creator. Sairey Gamp is evidently determined to come with him, while Captain Cuttle looks solemn, and Barnaby Rudge grows more than usually melancholy over the prospect of parting.

Judy gives, in addition to the cartoon, the following parting word:

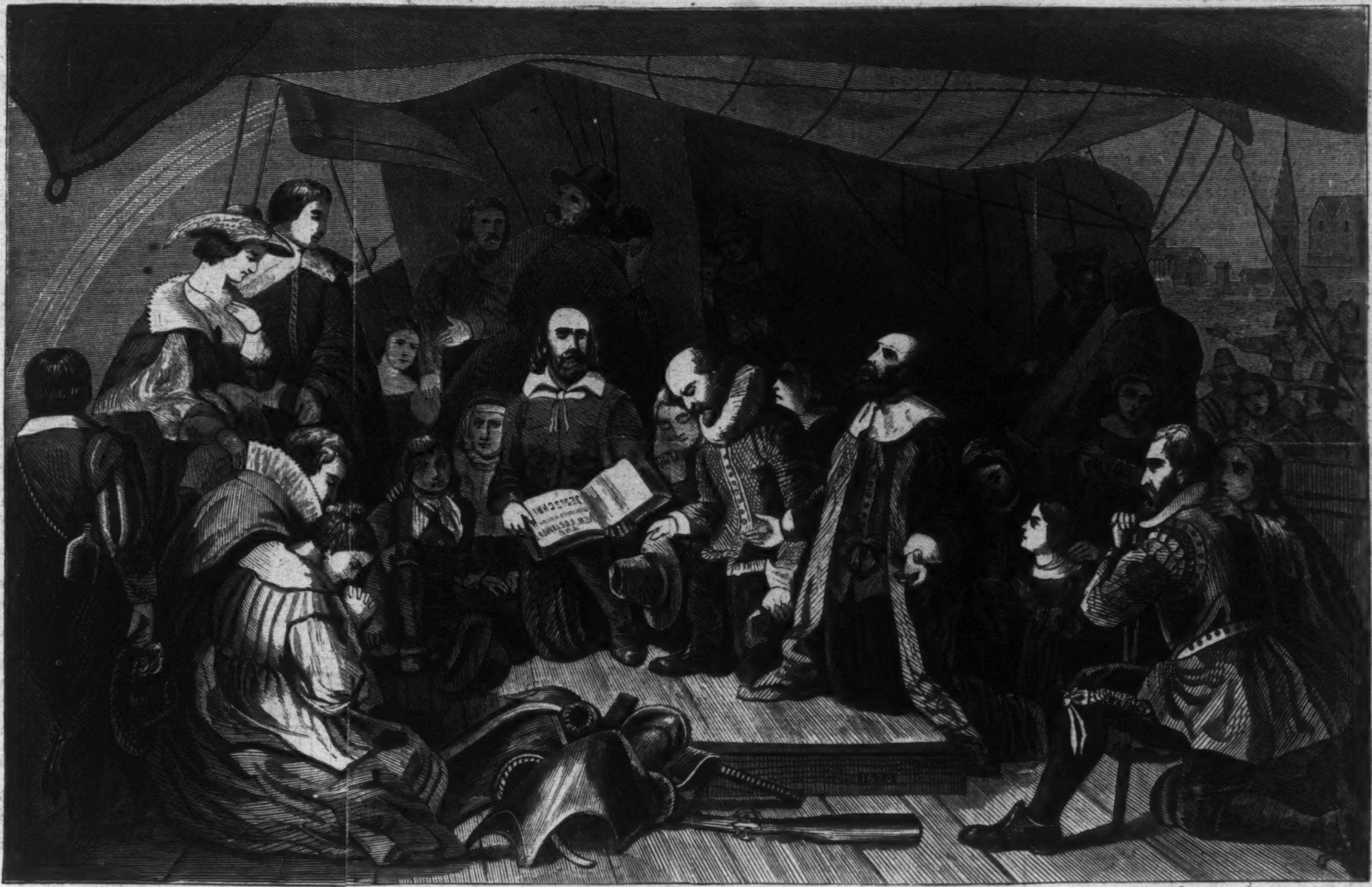
AU REVOIR!

'Twas not without a serious thought
  We saw depart, across the deep,
The man who has so nobly taught
  His fellows how to laugh and weep.

'Twas not without a touch of pride
  We sent, to greet our Yankee brother,
The man whose lessons, far and wide,
  Instruct all men to love each other.



FAREWELL TO DICKENS.



EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS AT DELFT HAVEN.—[From Robert W. Weir's Painting in the Capitol at Washington.]

'Twas not without an anxious hope
  To see him safely back once more,
We saw the severing of the rope
  That held his vessel to our shore.

'Twas not without a glistening eye,
  A trembling of her shapely paw,
That *Judy*, at the last "good-by,"
  Exclaimed "Charles Dickens, Au Revoir!"

PLYMOUTH ROCK.

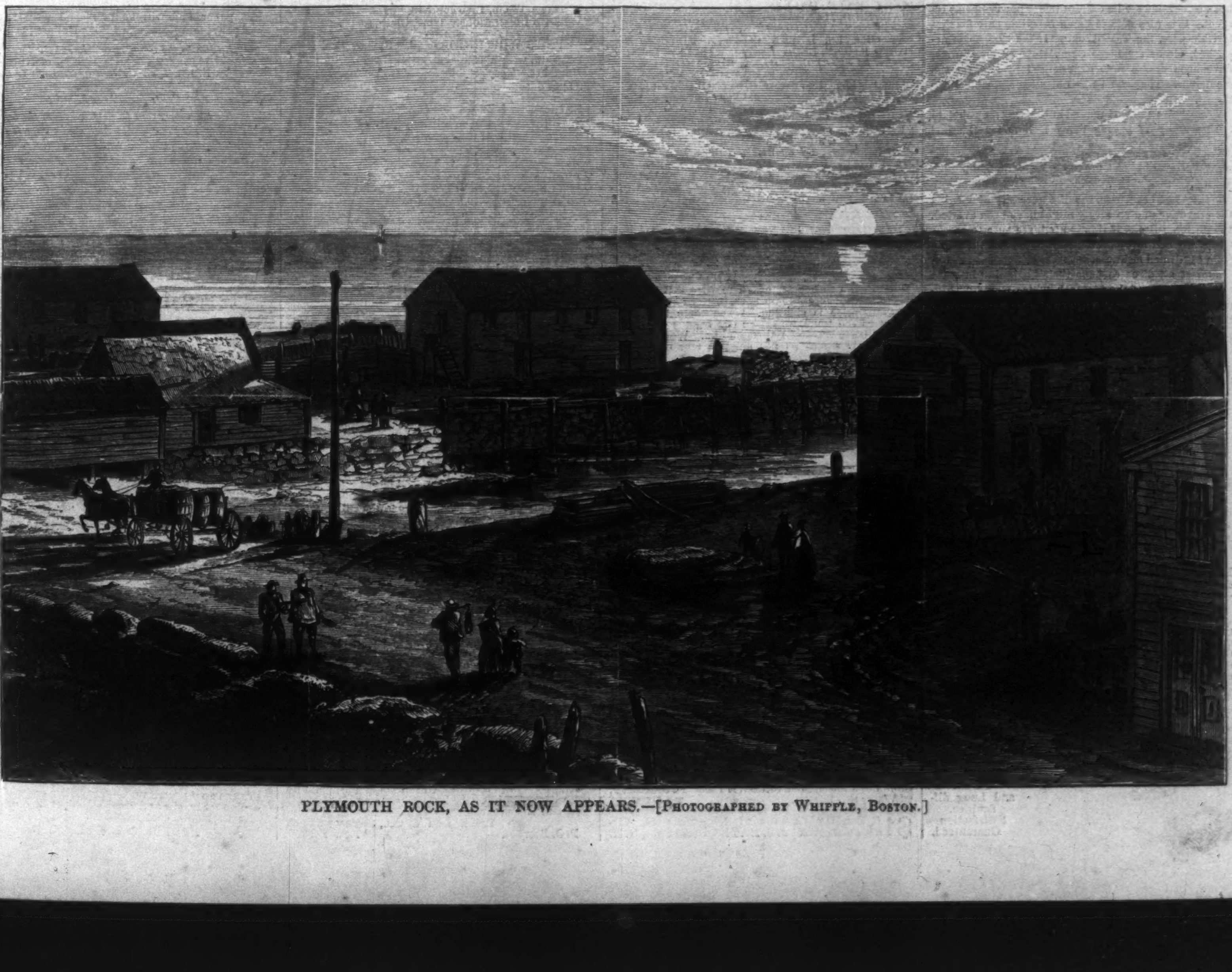
December 11 was the two hundred and forty-seventh Anniversary of the Landing of the Puritans on Plymouth Rock, and "the institution of government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good." We have endeavored to memorialize the occasion for our readers by the two engravings which appear on this page.

The first of these is a reproducing of Robert W. Weir's painting in the Capitol at Washington representing the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," at Delft Haven or Delftshaven, Holland. The other represents Plymouth Rock and its surroundings, as they appear at the present time, and is a faithful reproduction of an admirable photograph by Whipple, of Boston. Both pictures, in connection with the recurrence of the Anniversary, will be interesting studies to the readers of the *Weekly*.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

One of our engravings on pages 792 and 793 represents a sport that is peculiarly American. At this season of the year the herds of buffalo are moving southward, to reach the cañons which contain the grass they exist upon during the winter. Nearly every railroad train which leaves or arrives at Fort Hays on the Kansas Pacific Railroad has its race with these herds of buffalo; and a most interesting and exciting scene is the result. The train is "slowed" to a rate of speed about equal to that of the herd; the passengers get out fire-arms which are provided for the defense of the train against the Indians, and open from the windows and platforms of the cars a fire that resembles a brisk skirmish. Frequently a young bull will turn at bay for a moment. His exhibition of courage is generally his death-warrant, for the whole fire of the train is turned upon him, either killing him or some member of the herd in his immediate vicinity.

When the "hunt" is over the buffaloes which have been killed are secured, and the choice parts placed in the baggage-car, which is at once crowded by passengers, each of whom feels convinced and is ready to assert that his was the shot that brought down the game. Ladies who are



PLYMOUTH ROCK, AS IT NOW APPEARS.—[Photographed by Whipple, Boston.]

passengers on the trains frequently enjoy the sport, and invariably claim all the game as the result of their prowess with the rifle. This solution of the case is, of course, accepted by all gentlemen, and a more excited party of Dianas it would be impossible to imagine.

Emerson Bennett's exciting story of "Sol Slocum; or, The Maid of the Juniata," has just been commenced in the *New York Weekly*, and the reputation of Mr. Bennett has already added thousands to its circulation. The *New York Weekly* is acknowledged to be the best story and sketch paper in the world, and it seems that the public generally are aware of this fact; for the *New York Weekly* has already achieved a circulation of 150,000 copies. Read the advertisement in another column.—*Communicated.*

A most suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. Pollak & Son sell at manufacturers' prices at their stores, 27 John St., near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to letter box 5846.

Stammering Cured by Bates's Patent Appliances. For pamphlet address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

From Charles Dickens, Esq.: "With my best thanks for your Malt Extract, I remain," etc.

From His Excellency Governor Fenton: "Hoff's Malt Extract is a pleasant beverage."

Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Timothy Titcomb's New Book.

THE THIRTIETH THOUSAND IN PRESS.

KATHRINA: HER LIFE AND MINE, in a Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND (TIMOTHY TITCOMB). 1 vol., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; full gilt, $2 50.

The THIRTIETH THOUSAND of this poem—the most popular ever published in America, not even excepting "Bitter Sweet" by the same author—is now in press. *Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,
654 Broadway, New York.

Dr. McLANE'S

Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

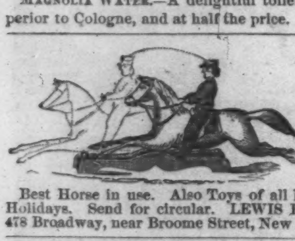
"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so honest and true."

If they had been wise, the dire necessity of opening the grave for one so lovely might have been averted. Plantation Bitters, if timely used, are sure to rescue the young and lovely, the middle-aged, and the ailing from confirmed sickness.

Almost all diseases have their beginning in some slight difficulty of the Stomach, which would eventuate in Dyspepsia, Headache, Liver Complaints, Night Sweats, Consumption, Death. Plantation Bitters will prevent these premonitory symptoms, and keep the blood pure and the health good.

While they invigorate the system, they enliven the mind.

Magnolia Water.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.



Metzlar's Patent Leaping Hobby Horse, for Boys and Girls from 2 to 16 years of age.

Best Horse in use. Also Toys of all kinds for the Holidays. Send for circular. LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, near Broome Street, New York.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good wide-awake Agents wanted in every town in the United States, to engage in a very lucrative business, that can be operated every where *successfully*. Only a small capital required. For full particulars, send for a descriptive circular. Address B. W. Hitchcock, 14 Chambers Street, New York, or Lock Box No. 400, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Is a reliable and safe remedy for Coughs, and all Throat and Lung difficulties. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE

New York Weekly,

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Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commi[illegible]oner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 2*[illegible]867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPAULDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

October 25th, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

1.	1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2.	1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3.	1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4.	1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8.	1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9.	1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10.	1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11.	1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14.	1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22.	1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26.	1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27.	1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29.	1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36.	1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42.	1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44.	1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46.	1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47.	1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50.	1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51.	1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52.	1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56.	1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60.	1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61.	1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62.	1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63.	1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70.	1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74.	1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76.	1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78.	1 Emerald Knob	500
79.	1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81.	1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82.	1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84.	1 Gold Watch	300
85.	1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88.	1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90.	1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93.	1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94.	1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95.	1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96.	1 Cameo Brooch	100
97.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99.	1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100.	1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101.	1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102.	1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104.	1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
1105—2104.	1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
	Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
	Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

5	Tickets to one address	$4 50	
10	" "	9 00	
20	" "	17 50	
40	Tickets to one address	$35 00	
50	" "	43 50	
100	" "	85 00	

Address all orders and communications to

GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
546 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, or
1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.